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AT LAST.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD.

The mellow light of evening rests
On wood and valley sweet;
And the shadows of the Autumn trees
Crept softly to our feet.

Night, like a quiet blessing, falls
Upon the perfumed air;
And the troubled thoughts of life are hush'd,
And peace is everywhere.

Such weary years have come and gone
Since I stood here before,
But the spot is sacred to me now,
And will be evermore.

The anguish of our parting words
Made dark that Summer night;
But the sunny gleam that was so far
Has reach'd us clear and bright.

So patiently you whisper'd, dear,
When I was weak with pain—
We should see the sunlight through the clouds
Before we met again.

Those words of comfort which you spoke
So brave and hopefully,
Came every night to those far-off lands,
With cheering voice to me.

The love that made your heart so brave,
Grew deeper day by day;
And the while my own was purified,
Its doubt was ta'en away.

Together now we stand at last,
And words and laughter cease,
As an unheard voice from heart to heart,
Breathes hope, and love, and peace.

The brilliant ray that seem'd so far
When our despair was great,
Has come to us, as it comes to all
Who trust, and work, and wait.

You found it hard to teach me, love,
The lesson of that night,
But my world is different since I learn'd
To seek the hidden light.

TRIED FOR LIFE;

—OR,—

A Golden Dawn.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Francis Vane went to live at Dunwold, it seemed to him that his life was nearly over; he had sought the shade of a real "Valley of Poppies." His fate was a singular one. He had escaped being a genius. He did everything well, but nothing more than well; he was proficent in many things, but excelled in nothing; he had a taste for drawing, music, literature, sculpture, in all of which he was not unskilled, but he excelled in none. He was the only son of his mother, who was a widow; she had a life annuity which died with her, and she had saved a small sum of money for him. He was so brilliant and clever as a child that she was convinced he would be a genius. She endeavored in every possible way to save, in order that she might give him a good education. She sent him to Rugby and to Oxford, hoping that he would distinguish himself in the Church. He was considered clever and talented by the students and professors, but he failed in all the examinations; his knowledge was too scattered—it was not concentrated enough. After that, he would not study for the Bar; he determined to live by literature. Mrs. Vane had implicit faith in him until the last. She believed that if he became a writer he would be one of the lights of the world. She died before he left Oxford, leaving him the result of the savings of her whole life—an income of a hundred and fifty per annum. He was young then in years, but old in disappointment. Without quite knowing why, he felt that his life was in some measure over; he had failed, and he could hardly tell how he had failed; he could not understand where his life had slipped from his grasp. He settled down in a pretty little cottage orne at Dunwold, with his books and pictures, and the numerous works of art he had gathered about him. He resolved to devote himself to literature; he mapped out for himself a life that was to be quiet and retired; he determined to live for his books and care for nothing else. He went out one summer evening, and returned with a love in his heart which was his doom.

He had gone, during the quiet calm of the summer evening down to the little church where the great lime trees grew, and, standing underneath them, he heard a strain of music so clear and sweet that his whole heart was melted, and his soul was moved to listen. He could have fancied that angel hands were touching the keys, making soft, dreamy, beautiful music, such as one could imagine floating from the clouds.

It took possession of him. He stood under the lime trees while the sun was setting, the birds were chirping, and the exquisite harmony was floating through the air. Presently it ceased, and in its place a sweet brooding silence fell over the earth. It was the gloaming then. He had stood there listening longer than he knew. From the old stone porch there passed into the grey evening light the tall slight figure of a young girl with a fair pale face like none other he had ever seen—it was not beautiful, not pretty, but there was something of the light of heaven on it.

She walked through the churchyard and down the green lane that led to Dunwold. Then he recovered from his trance, and seemed to understand that the young girl was the new organist, of whom he had heard the Rector speak as of a girl all soul, and that soul all music.

He went home with a dreamy poetical face engraved on his heart, with a love that was his doom.

He found means, some few days afterwards, to make her acquaintance. Scholar and student as he was, he loved music; and the happiest evenings of his clouded life were those he spent in the old church or under the lime-trees listening to the music which seemed to ripple from white soft fingers.

He found that she was the child of an English father and an Alsatian mother. From her father she had inherited an English face and simple honest English mind—from her mother, a soul filled with music and dreams. She was an orphan, and gained her livelihood by her musical talents. She had answered the Rector's advertisement for an organist, and had resided for some months in Dunwold.

She was a genius. The Rector saw that at once, and was only too pleased to engage her to instruct his children; so that, with her different occupations, Elsie Redfern lived in comfort, and found her life very pleasant.

Francis Vane asked her to marry him, and she consented. Their love-story was an idyll; they lived in the midst of sunshine and music. Elsie was shy of speech. Sometimes, when he asked her to tell him how much she loved him, she would answer—

"I cannot tell you in words, but I will in music."

And then her love would find expression in music that was inspired. It was a love so pure, so calm, so refined, that it seemed to have nothing of earth in it.

They were married, and went to the quiet pretty cottage Francis Vane called home. He had made his house a wonder of artistic beauty, with its choice books, rare pictures, pretty statuettes; it was an artistic home. He took especial pride in his garden—an old-fashioned sweet-smelling place such as poets might haunt—and the choicest part of it was the beautiful bed of white hyacinths which became poor Elsie's pride.

For four years they lived together, a life such as is rarely granted to mortals, a life that was all poetry. The student spent it with his books, the wife with her music—marriage for once no fiction—two hearts, two souls, made one.

But the day came when the white hyacinths drooped for want of care, and the notes of the grand old organ were still. Never more were the white hands to linger over the keys; never more was the gentle face to shine with the beauty of the soul within. Elsie Vane lay dying, with the baby she had longed for in her arms.

It was not like dying; her heart seemed to have always been half in heaven. She had expressed her feelings more by music than by words; there had always been something unearthly and spiritual about her: and now, as she lay dying, there was a light on her face which made those who saw it wonder. Her mind wandered at times during those last hours, and her husband noticed how often she spoke of her favorite flowers, the white hyacinths. When she died, he took some of them from the garden and planted them on her grave.

He said very little of his sorrow; he spoke only of his loss, but the best part of him died with her—he half buried himself in her grave. He made no promise; but he knew that no one would ever take her place in his heart and home. His life appeared like something to be borne, because there was the hope of meeting her at the end of it.

Long years before Francis Vane went to live at the pretty cottage outside Dunwold, it had received the name of Sweetbriars, from the simple fact that the whole of the garden was surrounded by a splendid hedge of sweetbriar, and the air for a great distance around was perfumed by it. Francis Vane made up his mind to spend the remainder of his life at the cottage. From the window of his study he could see one of the lime trees under the shade of which his wife slept her last long sleep. He devoted himself to his books, and, when his child grew older, to her. With his wife he had lost the half of his income; but, with the aid of his pen, he had sufficient to live upon, with great care and economy, though nothing to spare or waste. He kept one maid servant, and gave up visiting, as well as receiving visitors.

Until Hyacinth was eleven years old, he taught her himself; and it was a most peculiar education. Had she been a boy, it might have fitted her for the world; as it was, it simply made her unpractical in every way.

He was a visionary himself; he had superb theories and beautiful dreams, but he had not the least knowledge of human nature. He believed in the power of love, the constancy of men, the honor of women, the earnestness of life in general; he had no knowledge of the light loves, the fleeting friendships, the want of care, thought, or interest that distinguish the children of this generation—he was a wise, simple, kindly scholar, who feared Heaven, honored the sovereign, and believed in the power of knowledge. Admirable, estimable, worthy of all respect and esteem, he was nevertheless not the teacher to train an imaginative impressionable child.

For some years he made no difference in his mode of life; the child was tended by the faithful servant who had watched her mother die—Miriam Claye. And to Miriam the girl was dearer than the light of her eyes. She had a large old-fashioned room to play in. She had a household of dolls, a library of children's books, a number of toys, and she lived in dreamland.

Francis Vane began to teach his daughter Latin when she was old enough to learn it. He provided her with the best authors, with old-world poets. It was a curious education; but it was the only one he knew how to give her.

His love for her was as dreamy as his life; he was seldom alive to any practical needs. He never gave a thought to dress or anything of that kind. He ordered books, music, drawings; he would talk to her at times for an hour with calm mild wisdom. He loved her with a great love—but he was most unfitted to train a child.

He seemed to wake up from a dream when Hyacinth was sixteen; his child was gone, and in her place stood a tall beautiful girl, who looked at him with her mother's eyes and seemed to ask what was her position in this world and what she had to do.

Francis Vane thought long and solemnly about what he was going to do with his beautiful daughter.

Sixteen, beautiful as a poet's dream, accomplished, better educated than half the girls in England, graceful, and imaginative, with a face like a flower, life was full of fairest, sweetest promise to Hyacinth Vane. It was an unread book, every page of which seemed to her full of poetry and unknown delight. Her world was a very small one; it consisted of the little household at Sweetbriars. She had no companions, no playfellows. Francis Vane would not let her play with the village children, and she had no opportunity of knowing any other.

She was healthy and strong. She loved the fresh air, the early morning breeze; she had the natural high spirits and vivacity of a young girl; she was charming in every respect.

The Rector's wife, Mrs. Morley, meeting her one day, was struck with her wonderful beauty. She stopped to speak to her, and invited her to the Vicarage.

Up to that time Hyacinth had held no well-defined position in society. She had always been considered far above the people in the village. However small her father's income was still he was a gentleman of independent means. But the county people had not recognised him. He cared nothing himself for visitors or visiting. This invitation from Mrs. Morley however opened his eyes to the fact that he must think for his daughter as he had not thought for himself.

Hyacinth was almost dazed with delight. To visit the Vicarage, with its charming mistress, the lovely children, the well selected guests always to be found there, was a prospect so full of unbounded delight that she could hardly hope it might be realised.

CHAPTER II.

HYACINTH Vane presented herself before the surprised eyes of her father, one June afternoon, looking so beautiful in her festive attire that he was betrayed into an imprudent speech.

"Why, Hyacinth, my dear," he cried. "You are a beautiful woman!" For hours afterwards the sound of her happy laughter rang in his ears.

"A woman, papa?" she answered. "No, I am only a child."

He looked distressed and perplexed.

"How old are you?" he asked; and she answered:

"I am sixteen, papa."

"Sixteen!" he said musingly. "Why, it seems to me only yesterday that I saw you lying in your mother's arms. Sixteen! Can sixteen years have passed away?"

Philosopher, scholar, and student as he was, he did not recognize the fact that long years had passed while he had buried himself in his books and had watched the lime-blossoms appear and fade. He looked thoughtfully at his daughter.

"I must begin to think more about you," he said. "I have not realised the flight of time."

Hyacinth laughed. The years that had passed like a dream to her father had seemed very long and uneventful to her.

She went to the Vicarage, and Mrs. Morley was charmed with her; her beauty, her grace, her quaint earnestness, her brilliant imagination, made her one of the most charming companions.

When she had gone home that night, Mrs. Morley went to her husband, the good Doctor whose life was governed by the doctrines he preached.

"John," she said, "you will tell me that in this case virtue is its own reward. I want to do a good-natured action."

"I need not say that I am willing to help; good-nature delights me," answered the Vicar.

"I want to introduce Hyacinth Vane into a little good society," said Mrs. Morley. "I have seen no one half so charming for years. She must be most lonely, for her father spends the whole of his time with his books. He is no companion for her, and she really ought to have one."

"It is a lonely life," admitted the Vicar. "What do you intend to do?"

"Merely introduce her; she will make her own way. If Lady Rodene saw her, she would invite her to Dene Hall. She told me last week that she deplored the absence of pretty girls more than anything else. She would take her by the hand, I am sure; and

I shall not be surprised, with her face, if she marries well, and becomes one of the queens of the county."

"You are sanguine," laughed the Vicar.

"The child has no mother, and it would be a kindly action to take her by the hand," said Mrs. Morley. "If you are willing, we will get up a pic-nic to Dunwold Woods, and beautiful Hyacinth Vane shall be its chief attraction. I will ask Lady Rosedene, and you will see that my words will come true."

The Vicar gave his consent, and the pic-nic was soon organised. Hyacinth smiled in incredulous wonder when the invitation was put into her hands.

"I am really grown up," she said to herself, with a happy smile. "Who would have thought that I should go to a pic nic? Papa," she cried, breaking in upon the quietness of that much-loved study, "read this note, and then realise, if you can, how grown up I am I shall want a pretty dress, a hat, gloves—so many things. Do you think that you can afford to let me go?"

"I will see," he answered with a smile; "we must consult Miriam."

The result of his "seeing" was that Hyacinth, in a pretty white and blue costume, looked more lovely than ever, and went, with a smile on her face, to meet her doom—went in the full beauty of the June day, with a face as fair as a flower, a heart light as that of a bird, her eyes full of happiness, her golden hair like an aureole round her head. Francis Vane watched her with loving gaze; and to him, in that moment of unconcealed pride and delight in his child, there came no shadow of a prison cell.

Mrs. Morley always spoke of that pic nic as one of the successes of her life; no party of guests could have enjoyed themselves more. Lady Rosedene, just as the Vicar's good wife had foreseen, was delighted with the beautiful *debutante*.

"Is her father a gentleman?" she whispered to Mrs. Morley. "She herself is charming. But is she quite presentable?"

Mrs Morley, in her good nature, gave such a flattering account of the scholar that Lady Rosedene became desirous to see him.

"Shall I invite the father as well?" she asked, and was just a little offended when Mrs. Morley assured her that it would not be of the least use.

"You have evidently never heard the romantic story of Francis Vane's courtship and marriage," said Mrs. Morley. "His is about the only case I know in this world of really true love. It is no fiction to say that his heart is buried in his wife's grave. All his neighbors have been kind to him, and invited him, but it was found that invitations merely troubled him; now every one leaves him in peace."

"Then you think he would not come, even if I invited him?" said Lady Rosedene. "I generally manage to have my own way with the men."

"I do not think you would succeed in this case," answered Mrs. Morley; "nor do I think it would be kind to desire it. When so much of a man's heart and soul is in heaven, it seems almost a pity to bring him back into close contact with the world again."

Lady Rosedene's eyes were fixed on the fair bright face of the young girl. She turned suddenly to the Vicar's wife.

"I have read," she said, "of the sweetness of flowers being wasted on the desert air—of violets blooming unseen, and giving their fragrance to the wind. I do not believe anything of the kind. Take the great kingdom of flowers; every here and there is one of such exquisite beauty that every one pauses to admire it. It appears to me that in the world of fair women every now and then we find a face so beautiful that the whole world ought to see and admire it. I shall be doing an act of charity in making this face known."

But the Vicar's wife shook her head. Such a doctrine was not quite in accordance with her husband's teaching.

"I do not know about that," she said. "Every face is what I may call the veil or cover of an immortal soul; and I should say any soul was endangered where the owner of it was worshipped for her beauty. I do not quite think myself that beauty should be so eagerly admired."

"It is the way of the world," laughed Lady Rosedene. "We plain woman may thank Heaven that great beauty and great gifts do not often go together; if they did, we should have but a poor chance. As it is, some people do value common sense and intellect more than beauty I shall make friends with Miss Vane. We shall hear something of her before many months are over, mark my words."

And those same words indeed came true.

CHAPTER III.

LADY Rosedene of Dene Hall was one of the celebrities of the county in which Dene stood. She was left a widow at quite an early age, mistress of a magnificent estate and a vast fortune. Being both young and clever, every one expected she would marry again; but Lady Rosedene was wiser than that. The late lord had been of the most tyrannical disposition and unamiable temper. His young wife suffered terribly from it, being herself of a gay, frank, happy nature. When Lord Rosedene died, she said to herself that she would never again bend her neck under the yoke that was so weighty to bear. She resolved to enjoy her life; and, as a preliminary, as the most certain means of insuring that enjoyment, she resolved upon never having anything to do with love.

"If I am to enjoy my life, to preserve my good looks, I must have nothing to do with the fret and the fever called love."

Having made that resolution, she began to enjoy life in her own way, and succeeded perfectly in her plan. One of the most charming and captivating of women, she had numerous admirers. She enjoyed the friendship of clever and sensible men; she enjoyed their admiration; she was pleased with her conquests—but she steadfastly refused to have anything to do with love, even in its milder form of flirtation.

For fifteen years she had been the "queen of the county." The *fetes* and festivities at Dene Hall were famous all over the neighborhood—no one else gave such parties, such balls, such pic nics—no one gave such pleasant garden parties. The young girls of the neighborhood adored her.

She would not hear of love for herself, but nothing gave her greater happiness than to see it in others. She took the keenest interest in a love affair. She was not a match-maker; no one could have ever used such a word about the refined and clever Lady Rosedene; but she liked to bring young people together. She had a wonderful kind of instinct which told her at once what persons would agree together. She never had an ill assorted party of guests. She never had the least drawback to the success of every entertainment she gave.

She was famous for having promoted more marriages than any one else in the county. Mothers who had a difficulty in marrying their daughters found their difficulties ended when they once applied to Lady Rosedene. She would invite a young girl to Dene Hall, introduce her amongst an eligible set, and then leave her to take her chance. That usually ended in marriage. So successful had she been that pretty young girls were now at a discount in the neighborhood of Dunwold; they were all married and gone from home; so that the kindly happy widow was somewhat at a loss for young recruits.

She began to fancy that at one or two of her balls there had been a dearth of pretty faces, that her charade party had lacked interest, and that there was a want of novelty in some of the scenes. She was more than delighted when Mrs. Morley introduced her to Hyacinth Vane; here indeed was a novelty, a girl more beautiful than any she had ever seen, with a voice that was like sweetest music, and a smile that was like sunshine, a girl whose every movement was full of sweetest harmony, as though she were following a strain of hidden music.

Lady Rosedene fell in love with her at once.

"Your father is a scholar and a gentleman; they tell me he lives amid his books, and counts this outer world as nothing. To invite him to Dene Hall would be an empty compliment—he would not come; but I wish he would let you visit me. Do you think he would?" said Lady Rosedene to her.

Hyacinth raised her happy eyes to the kindly comely face.

"I think he would be delighted," she answered. "My father is not quite like other men; he does not seem to live in the same world—I doubt whether he would understand at all the kind of world in which you move."

"Probably not," said Lady Rosedene, delighted with the girl's earnestness and beauty; "but you will understand it."

She smiled at the fervor with which the girl clasped her little white hands and replied—

"I should love it, I think, more than any other world."

A dainty flush covered her fair face, her eyes shone with the brightness of stars.

"Then," said Lady Rosedene, "you shall see what it is like. Come and stay with me for a month, if you can be spared for so long. I have no wish to flatter you, but with a face like yours the world ought to be at your feet."

Hyacinth Vane never forgot that day. She had been accustomed to hear Lady Rosedene's name mentioned always as that of one of the powers of the land; and now to find that great and mighty personage not only kind to her, but absolutely asking for her society and friendship was something wonderful. She did not know that Lady Rosedene was driven almost to her wits' end for pretty faces and that she would soon consider her prestige gone unless she could introduce some new beauty. Hyacinth knew nothing of this, and wondered why the clever, dainty, exclusive lady should be so anxious for her friendship. She was delighted; her charming face seemed to grow more beautiful, her eyes brighter, her smile sweeter.

The day of the pic-nic was never to be forgotten by her; all the details of it she remembered; and in the dullest hours of her life those details came back to her with a torture all their own.

When Lady Rosedene took her home that evening, she said—

"I shall take you at your word, Miss Vane, and drive over to-morrow to ask your papa if he can spare you for a month. You will enjoy yourself at Dene Hall, I am sure."

"I know that I shall," replied Hyacinth, simply.

Lady Rosedene was perfectly happy. She would be able to introduce a beauty such as no one had seen in that part of the country, and she should recover the prestige she had almost lost from a scarcity of beautiful faces.

When she reached home Hyacinth said nothing to her father about the impending visit. For the first time she realised in what a different world they both lived.

Something of the deep silent mystery of night seemed to linger round her as she entered the quiet house. She went at once to her father's study, the ring of happy voices, the sound of music, the silver strains of compliment and homage, all sounding in her ears, the brightness of fair faces, the sheen of rich dresses and jewels, still before her eyes. Her father, his work ended for the day, was seated at the window, his eyes fixed on the lime-trees beneath which his young wife slept. She heard him murmur as she opened the door—

"How long, Elsie—how long will it be dear?"

A great solemn hush fell over her. It was as though she had suddenly entered a grand cathedral aisle; the world seemed to fall from her.

She forgot Lady Rosedene and the promised visit, and went with gentle step to the lonely man whose heart was buried while his body lived on. She put her arms round his neck, and bent her sweet face over his.

"Papa," she whispered, "shall you never forget, even ever so little?"

"No, my darling, not even ever so little. I live more in that green grave than I do here. There is a shadow over me to-night—a presentiment of coming evil—and in my mind I am going over and over again every happy day of my life spent with her. Sit down here at my feet, Hyacinth, and let me tell you how she lived and died."

Seated in the solemn beautiful dusk, while the trees moved and the wind sighed in unison, she listened once more to the story of how her mother had been more like a spirit or an angel than a woman—how she had loved the white hyacinths, and how she had died with her little child clasped in her arms.

No wonder that the child forgot the coming visitor and the coming visit. The last incident of that eventful day which she remembered was her singing in a low sweet tone to her father until the look of unsatisfied longing faded from his face, and he slept.

It was such a different world this from the bright, laughing life that only that afternoon had been unrolled before her. It seemed stranger still when, on the day following, Lady Rosedene's carriage stopped at Sweetbriars, and the footman in his gorgeous livery rapped sharply at the door.

How strange it seemed to see the brilliant lady, with her bright face, her superb dress, in that room where the solitary man always sat, that he might be within sight of his wife's grave!

With the tact that distinguished her, Lady Rosedene at once made her way to his heart. She laid aside her pretty caprices, her pride, her half-sarcastic, half laughing manner. She recognised that she was in the presence of a deep sorrow, and it impressed her. This pale studious man, with the grief of a lifetime on his face, made a great impression on her. She was earnest, sincere, kind, and true. He appeared half startled at the idea of Hyacinth spending a month at the Hall.

"I am afraid," he remarked, "that it will give my daughter tastes that can never be gratified."

But Lady Rosedene laughed.

"Leave all that to me," she said. "Neither you nor I know how much good fortune is in store for your daughter."

And so the first act of the tragedy was arranged. Hyacinth was on the week following to go to Dene Hall.

CHAPTER IV.

DENE HALL was the very residence for one who studied the enjoyments of life. It was one of the prettiest homes in England. There was nothing grand or majestic about it; but it was picturesque, artistic and beautiful. There was no recognized form in its architecture, and no two rooms resembled each other. Some had long French windows opening into the grounds, others large bay-windows from which one had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Some were stately and splendid, others small and cosy; there was every variety, and there was every shape; every taste could be gratified. The rooms themselves were furnished in different styles—some with splendor, some with simple artistic taste; they were all picturesque, many with pretty nooks where one could talk unobserved by the hour, many full of gems of art. It was a home wherein every one was happy and at ease; there were rare books for the studious, music for those who enjoyed it, outdoor amusement for those who preferred it, shady walks where the trees met overhead for those who loved solitude.

Lady Rosedene was never alone. She did not know what solitude meant, and never intended to know. She had always a well-selected party of visitors at the Hall, and she quietly exulted in the fact that she had now a face to show her friends such as they had never been before. Lady Rosedene was always in love with her last protege, and she was decidedly charmed with Hyacinth Vane.

Hyacinth had been quite at a loss about her dress. In her dilemma she had gone to Mrs. Morley, who had helped her in the difficulty. Francis Vane looked at his daughter with something like a smile on his face as he gave her the sum of money which seemed to her like a little fortune.

"All this for dress papa?" she said. "Why it would buy books for you that would last for a lifetime!"

He laughed a quiet gentle laugh that she had never heard before from his lips.

"My dear Hyacinth, dress must be your books for the present, and a very nice study it will be for you."

He looked at her with admiration when she came to bid him good-bye.

"I am to lose you for a month," he said. "We have never been parted before."

She laid her fair head on his shoulder, and whispered to him that she did not want to leave him then, begging him not to spend the hours of her absence in solitary watch over the green grave.

It was like going from one world into another when she left the lonely study and went out into the sunlight, where Lady Rosedene's luxurious carriage awaited her. It was a novel sensation—a drive of many miles in a splendid open carriage, through some of the most beautiful scenery in England.

She had been disquieted and anxious as to how she should feel amongst strangers, but every thought of herself soon died away. The girl's soul seemed wakened to fresh life by all that she saw. The drive was like a dream of sunlight and foliage, of glancing streams and purple hills, of broad shaded roads and green fields.

She was bewildered by the beauty of the park, and by the picturesque appearance of the Hall. The girlish untried heart sank when she saw the grandeur of everything around her: but her innate pride and independence came to her aid.

Lady Rosedene, always amiable and considerate, was in the entrance hall to greet her. The girl's heart went out to her graceful kindly hostess.

Lady Rosedene would go herself to Hyacinth's room.

"I have placed you near me," she said, "so that you may not feel lonely, and that my maid may attend to you, as of course you have not brought one."

Hyacinth laughed at the notion, as she thought of the one old fashioned maid at home. She felt entirely at ease with Lady Rosedene. No one resisted Lady Rosedene for long.

"You will like to understand a little about the Hall before we go down stairs," she said. "Before you dress I will give you a sketch of my chief visitors. The *prima donna* at present—that is the lady who sings best, who manages our charades and private theatricals—is Miss Sant. She is one of the cleverest girls in England in her own particular role."

"What is her role?" asked Hyacinth, beginning to feel interested in her new world.

"I should say, amusing others. She is clever and beautiful, and there is a tragedy attached to her that a stranger would never suspect."

"What is the tragedy?" asked Hyacinth, who associated that word only with Greek plays and the works of Shakspere.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Julius Manteuffel died in Chicago the other day. Just who he was no one seems to know, but that he was the scion of a noble German family no one doubts. He went to Chicago with plenty of money in his pocket and became very dissipated, and his prodigality brought on his last sickness. Some say that this young man—he was but twenty-three—was the son of General Von Manteuffel and others that his father was Prince Herman Von Manteuffel. He was deeply in love with a young girl. It was love at first sight with them, and his intention was of throwing up his commission in the German army and settling down in Chicago. There are stories current that he was sent to this country for a season, to avoid the publicity of certain petty scandals. There is something very strange about his life and death. Of late he had but little money.

Superintendent Lash, of Portland, Me., says, wisely enough, that the teacher who knows most about her pupils, and most fully sympathizes with them, gaining their affection and confidence, will most easily and thoroughly govern them in school. It is not the arbitrary and exacting teacher who has the best government.

The heavy supply of American wheat and corn has depressed the grain trade of Russia, as well as of England, France and Italy. During the month of May there was a large demand for Russian grain for the Italian market, but at once the competition from the United States set in.

FIVE YEARS.

BY PHŒBE CAREY.

Five years with their joys and pleasures,
Five years with their sorrow and pain,
Have come and gone since we parted
In the time of the autumn rain.

In our dear old home there are changes,
There are faces strange and new,
There are old ones wearing sadder,
Sadder and older too.

Young children have taken the places
We come to take no more,
There are two new mounds in the graveyard
That never were there before.

And our father's hair, when we left him,
That only was turning gray,
Is growing thinner and whiter,
Whiter every day.

And the time has marked all others
Has surely marked us too,
O, I have been changed so sadly,—
How hath it been with you?

Our Milly.

BY L. M. B.

NOW, little sister, you are all right. You won't have to change carriages till you get to York. Good bye."

"Good bye. Take good care of father while I am gone."

"Yes, I'll be sure to do that."

It was a pleasant young face which watched the tall, manly young fellow as he turned aside at the car door to admit an entering group, and smiling back at Milly as much as to say—

"See what nice company you are to have."

The three newcomers and the young girl were its only occupants through the journey.

The gentleman was tall and *distingue* looking, and though a few scattering threads of silver showed among his crisp, brown locks he did not look over thirty, and Milly found herself wondering what his relationship was to the young lady about whom he was evidently very solicitous—arranging her wraps, and sheltering her from the draught in such a way as to suggest that she was an invalid.

And, indeed, her transparent skin, told the same story.

The third person was a respectable, comfortable looking woman, whom our observant little country girl was also at a loss to place, but who was, as she soon learned, a nurse.

It was Milly's first entrance into that wide charmed world beyond the immediate precincts of home, and she was prepared to find everything wonderful and strange.

She was on her way to visit Mrs. Archibald Wyeth, and was to spend the winter with her.

After her first comprehensive glance at the party of strangers, she paid no more attention to them, but turning so as to face the window, sat with her book lying neglected in her lap perusing instead the vast volume of nature, changing like a kaleidoscope before her eyes as the train flew on.

Suddenly two clinging arms were thrown about her neck, and her face was covered by a shower of kisses.

"Ah, Lilly," murmured a sweet childish voice, "I have found you at last. God is good! I knew he would give you back to me."

"Do not be alarmed, young lady," and Milly knew that the rich, deep voice must belong to the gentleman. "My ward has lost her twin sister by an accident, and the shock affected her reason. But she is as gentle and loving as a little child; she will not hurt you."

"Come, Miss Cecile," said the nurse, and she took her hand to turn her away: but Cecile turned a pleading face towards Milly, who could not resist it, although slightly startled at the knowledge of her malady.

"Let her stay by me," she said; and turning so that she faced towards her, she commenced talking to her in her rapid way.

After a time Cecil became tired, and the nurse arranged an impromptu couch for her, and she was soon asleep, looking so fair and fragile that Milly involuntarily leaned over and kissed her.

"It is the first time the sweet young lady has closed her eyes since four o'clock this morning. The doctor says if she could only sleep better her brain might right itself."

"Then she is not incurable?"

"No." This time it was the gentleman's voice. "It is only a temporary derangement and as this is the first time she has mentioned her sister's name since the accident I augur favorable results from it. If you were only to be for a time where she could see you. Will you pardon me if I ask you how far your journey extends? Here is my card."

Milly glanced at it mechanically when she read—

"SIR ROGER HEPWORTH.

"Millbank Terrace."

"I go to York," see said; and continued, with girlish frankness, "it is my first visit. I live on a farm, and it seems too pleasant to be true that I am to see that city."

Sir Roger smiled.

"We, too, are on our way there, and I hope we may become so well acquainted on the journey that at its end my poor Cecile may still have the pleasure of occasionally seeing you."

"I hope so, too," said Milly, simply.

Through the tedious to some, but an enchanted trip to Milly, she devoted herself to the stricken girl.

When they reached York she could only be pacified in separating from Milly by her guardian's promise that he would bring her the next day to call.

He did so, and it grew to be a daily occurrence for Mrs. Wyeth and Milly to be invited to ride with Sir Roger and his ward.

As the skilful doctor had predicted Cecile recovered from her mental malady, but the frail body grew more and more spiritual every day.

At last she could no longer leave her room.

Then Sir Roger went to Mrs. Wyeth and entreated her to use her influence with Milly to stay with the dying girl, who was so constantly wishing for her companionship.

The invitation to Milly to spend some time at the hotel at which Sir Roger's party was stopping, occasioned her some embarrassment, but her love for the gentle sufferer overcame her scruples, and she went to her.

The visitors at the hotel were very much interested in the baronet and his ward, and many a pair of bright eyes would have been glad to win an admiring glance from the handsome, stately nobleman, but he seemed ever the same, polite and courteous, but indifferent.

His ward, Cecile, was also his cousin.

His uncle had felt such confidence in his favorite nephew that on his death bed, young as was Sir Roger at the time, he had appointed him guardian of twin girls, and had also left him a third of his large fortune, so that, although by the provisions of the entail, he did not inherit any of his father's property, he might be in possession of a good income.

By the terms of the will, if either sister died, the survivor was to inherit all; and if neither should live to attain her majority, Sir Roger should then be the heir, unless his cousins wished to will their share to someone else.

In that case he was to be guided by their requests.

"Guardy," said Cecile, one morning after she had made an excuse to send Milly from the room, "I want to make my will. You are rich enough already, and I want to give Milly half of my money. Are you willing?"

Sir Roger stroked the bright head tenderly.

"Anything that pleases my Cecile, pleases me."

Cecile took his hand caressingly.

"What a good kind guardy you have been. Leaving your home and traveling about with me in search of health which won't come. But my mind is all right now. Oh, that dark time when everything was a blank! And it was Milly's sweet face, so like my own Lilly's that helped me. She is my sister in spirit if not in body."

So it was arranged.

The lawyers were sent for, and Milly Dutton was no longer a girl merely in comfortable circumstances—she was an heiress.

But she knew nothing of it until Cecile's translation to be with her sister for ever.

Then she learned of it from Sir Roger's lips.

After he had told her of the way in which Cecile had wished to give her such a permanent token of her love, he said, sadly—

"Life will seem very strange to me now that Cecile has gone. For the last three years I have hardly had a thought except for her. I shall miss the dear child sadly. Will Cecile's friend think of Cecile's uncle once in a while after he has gone?"

Milly tried to answer, but her voice failed her.

She looked up at him, with large tears filling her eyes, and rolling silently down her cheeks.

"Milly, are those tears for me?" The voice grew deep and impassioned. "But no, it would be too selfish in me to ask it. My hair is already showing its streaks of silver, and you——"

"Don't, don't—my heart will break," sobbed Milly, convulsively.

She saw a glimpse of happiness which might have been hers, opening before her only to be shut out irrevocably, and maidenly delicacy must seal her lips.

She could not give utterance to the cry that ran through her whole being—

"I love you, I love you!"

But that despairing burst of sobs was a revelation to him.

With tenderness too deep for words, he drew her to him and kissed away the tears.

The next spring there was a wedding at Milly's home.

Lady Millicent Hepworth (our Milly) fills her position as though she had been born to it, and her husband blesses the day when Cecile's delusion drew Milly within their traveling group.

"Mrs. Partington" (Mr. Shillaber) has just reached his sixty-fifth birthday, and suffers much from gout.

SOME ISLAND RACES.

THE human inhabitants of Australasia, are to the full as exceptional as the flora and the fauna. The Australian aborigines have imitative dexterity. They moreover understand their country, and will live for months where Europeans would die of thirst. They are affectionate and generous to their male offspring, except when too hard pressed with hunger, in which case they kill and eat them. In preference, however, they would always butcher the female members of their family. Women are slaves, and are speared for the slightest offense—even for the husband's disappointment in the chase. A girl who had left her husband, even involuntarily, is cruelly disfigured. Consequently, as abduction is a common crime, "rarely does a girl possess usual grace and elegance but is soon marked and scarred by the furrows of repeated wounds." On the ravisher the penalty is that he must hold out his leg while each male of the tribe sticks his spear into it. "But so hardy are these savages that, with no remedy but a little fine dust, the wounds, however severe, heal quickly." These curious people have no other form of government than that of the family, and no religion, except that dream of ghosts and demons. White men they suppose to be spirits of the natives come to life again. They believe that after death they will themselves undergo the same change. Though without religion, they are not without rites. Circumcision is performed at fourteen, and at twenty the youth is gashed over the back and chest. On the Murray river girls have the whole back cut with flints in horizontal bands of gashes. The screams of the patient are a subject of merriment all around. "In most cases however, the girls voluntarily submit to it because the scarred back is greatly admired."

The Tasmanian natives are superior to the Australians in capacity. After a time they became neat and orderly in their habits, made roads, delighted in cricket and marbles, and sewed mat dresses. Unfortunately rough settlers and escaped convicts persecuted and degraded them. A race which might have developed the better qualities of civilization gradually shrank from 7 000 to one old woman, who died in 1876. Even humanity was hurtful to them. The Government gave them clothing, which they had bartered away or lost when they had grown accustomed to its use. The change rendered them susceptible to lung diseases, of which a large proportion of them perished.

The Dyaks of Borneo are the kindest and most pleasing of savages; but except when the fear of Europeans restrains them, they have the same inconvenient custom as that upheld by King Cetewayo of refusing leave to marry until the young bachelor can exhibit a head as his credential of competence for housekeeping.

The Papuans of New Guinea are still only a half known race. The Papuans have a taste for personal embellishment, but it takes such eccentric forms as the attaching of two boars' tusks joined together to the nose, with the tips turned upwards. They eat many kinds of large insects. What they consider music is their ordinary substitute at festivals for intoxicating liquors. They are totally ignorant of metals, and the coast dwellers are even unable to procure fire for themselves. When they accidentally let their fires go out, they have to ask a spark of the hill tribesmen who produce it by friction. Yet they divide the year into lunar months, and have names for the constellations. One of the tribes counts up to a million. In the New Britain group, the Papuans of New Zealand have a remarkable custom, which even the East cannot match. Girls of six or eight years old are shut up for some five years in cages like huge extinguishers made of palm leaves, out of which they are never allowed to come till they are to be married. The cages are placed inside large houses, with old women to watch them. The girls are taken out once a day to wash, but they never leave the house.

The Fijians appeared to have secured immunity from the usual fatal consequences of European connection, though nowhere was the passion for human flesh more violent. At great feasts twenty bodies would be served up at once. The love of slaughter was not always, however, connected with the table. When a chief died, wives and slaves were buried with him. When a chief's house was built, a slave was buried under each pole which held it up. How far even the cannibalism was not a mere phase of religion or superstition it might be hard to say. The Fijian had, or has, a firm belief in a future state in which the actual condition of the dying person is perpetuated. Thus a young man, being unable to eat, was buried alive by his father at his own request lest he should grow thin and weak. Somewhat luxuriously he asked to be strangled first; but "he was scolded and told to be quiet, and be buried like other people and give no more trouble; and he was buried accordingly."

An uptown lady is so high-toned that she won't admit she has common sense.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE SWAN.—The swan is an uncouth domestic pet. He is unsociable, greedy, and vicious. Let him be fed ever so often, he will always resent the smallest familiarity. In the breeding season he becomes a perfect savage, and attacks everything likely to disturb the seclusion of the nest. Of tame swans, a full grown (cobb) male would weigh about forty pounds, and a female (pen) perhaps five pounds or so less, while a cygnet will run to twenty eight pounds or so; and it is at about this weight, when fattened, that they are killed for table.

COLLEGE CEREMONIES.—In addition to the ancient ceremony of serving up at Queen's College, Oxford, England on Christmas Day, another curious and ancient custom, that of presenting a threaded needle to each person dining in the college hall on New Year's day, is still observed. After the drinking horn has been passed round, the Senoir Burser presents each guest with a needle, threaded with silk of red, black, and blue, representing the three Faculties of medicine, divinity, and law, enjoining them to take it and be thrifty.

"BLIND WITH RAGE."—Rage meant something in a Paris workshop one afternoon some weeks ago. An overseer of the works, finding that one of the men had not finished a piece of work which was urgently required, fell into such a state of fury as to strike him in the face. Almost in the very act of striking, however, he staggered back, shouting for aid and complaining that he could not see. The workmen came round him with offers of assistance, but nothing could be done. It was certain that he had suddenly lost the use of both his eyes. Medical evidence showed that some of the blood vessels behind the eye had burst, and that the blood had flooded the interior cavities of the eyeballs.

THE CHERRY.—The cherry comes originally from Asia. After a victorious expedition into Pontus, the Roman general Lucullus brought the cherry from Cerasus, a town of that province, into Italy. Soldier though he was, this Lucullus always had an eye open to whatever was agreeable in the way of food: and it is not to be doubted that he regarded the cherry as one of the proudest of all his trophies. The cherry was then brought to Rome about seventy years before Christ. About one hundred and twenty years later it was introduced into Great Britain, and thence here. From Italy it was brought also into all the other countries of Europe—in every one of which it is now a universal favorite with all classes of the people.

INNS.—The idea of an inn is becoming obsolete. Few hosts can find time to gossip; the clubs have withdrawn the wits; the excitement of a stage coach arrival is no more; and a poet might travel a thousand leagues without finding a romantic "Maid of the Inn" such as Southey has immortalized. Thanks, however, to past literature we can yet appreciate, in imagination at least, the old inn. Goldsmith's "Village Alehouse" has daguerreotyped its humble species, while Dr. Johnson's evenings at the Mitre keep vivid the charm of its metropolitan fame. Indeed, it is quite impossible to imagine what British authors would have done without the solace and inspiration of the inn! Addison fled thither from domestic annoyance; Dryden's chair at Wills' was an oracular throne; when hard pressed, Steele and Savage sought refuge in a tavern and wrote pamphlets for a dinner: Farquhar found there his best comic material; Sterne opens his "Sentimental Journey" with his landlord, Monsieur Dessein, Calais, and his inn yard; Shenstone confessed he found "life a warmest welcome at an inn;" Sheridan's convivial brilliancy shone there with peculiar lustre.

A CHINESE REVIEW.—A Chinese review has just been witnessed and described by a correspondent. The men, clad in uniforms of red and blue, were ranged in two ranks, every tenth man holding a bright scarlet flag, while a sergeant in the middle gave the time to advance by waving a huge crimson standard. At the sound of a horn, which resembled the humming of a gigantic bee, the battalion prepared to receive cavalry. Out popped a soldier brandishing a pike, which he poked at an imaginary assailant, then uttering a shriek like an owl he flourished his shield, turned a somersault, and trippingly retired to the ranks. When everybody had popped out brandished and poked his pike, shrieked like an owl, thrown a somersault, and retired, the big horn hummed once more, the soldiers formed in square and one of them danced gravely but energetically forward, throwing out his right leg with a graceful jerk; then bounding backward he again danced forward, this time throwing out his left. Then he jumped, he waltzed, he capered, he pranced, he turned head over heels, rolled himself well in the dust which rose in clouds stood on the back of his neck while he flourished his legs in the air, recovered himself, grasped wildly with his arms at nothing in particular, made a grotesque courtesy to the Viceroy and retired. With this martial spectacle the review concluded.

ONLY A DANCING GIRL.

BY W. S. GILBERT.

Only a dancing girl,
With an unromantic style,
With borrowed color and curl,
With a fixed mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her tips.

Hung from the flies in air,
She acts a palpable lie;
She's as little a fairy there
As unpoetical!!
I hear you asking why,
Why in the world I sing
This tawdry, tinseled thing?

No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green
From a highly impossible tree
In highly impossible scene,
(Herself not over clean),
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounced the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be,
With her skirt at her shameful knee,
And her painted, tainted poise;
Ah, matron whion of us is?

(And in sooth it oft occurs
That while these matrons sigh,
Their dresses are lower than hers,
And sometimes half as high!
And their hair is hair they buy;
And they use their glasses, too,
In a way she'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green
For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid, cheerless den;
She's a fairy truly, then!

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

SIX what?—six Neapolitans!" said Arthur, with strong contempt. "You have only to look at him to see that his strength is gigantic, slight as he is; besides he was armed, and I was pretty sure that Alfieri was in his pay. My position, I tell you, was anything but pleasant; but just as I had made the discovery the door was burst open and the room was filled with police, and every mother's son of them were arrested, save your humble servant, who managed to escape through the secret way and reach the city."

"You were made to come here," said Aubrey.

"No," replied Vivian, "I had been disguised, hair and all; besides, Naples itself is the very last place they will look for me in. I took care that an anonymous letter reached the authorities, warning them that the Spanish prisoner would try and make himself out an Englishman, and attempt to appeal to the ambassador. The six others were executed, I believe, and if Egerton is still alive, he will have at least a six month's trial of a Neapolitan dungeon."

"Arthur, this is too bad," said Aubrey. "A man of such mark—an ex-minister—"

"And your rival," interposed the other with his devilish sneer. "Roland, you are a fool. Chance puts into your hands the very man you hate, and you would fling it away. Let him lie there. They won't dare to put him to death, lest what he says should turn out to be true."

"Ah, and then if I could make her believe him faithless to her," said Aubrey, "she would in pique marry the first person who offered."

"I tell you, Roland, it must be a cursedly well put together story that will deceive her," said Vivian. "Though barely sixteen, she knows too much of the world to believe any mere newspaper report."

"But—if—" said Roland Aubrey, slowly, "it were no report, but announced as a certainty amongst the marriages in the papers as having taken place in Italy, and if I could return and swear that I had seen the marriage and register, then I think no woman's faith could stand that."

"Speak out, man! What are you driving at?" demanded Vivian, rising to his feet.

"That I will come down handsomely, and fit you out for the game, if you will do the thing," said Aubrey. "I do not mean any rascally mock marriage. I would not sacrifice any girl's name for my scheme."

"What, when I'm just rid of one wife, you want me to saddle myself with another! Thank you for nothing," said Vivian, with a sardonic curl of his chiselled lip.

"Listen to me, Arthur," said Aubrey. "You can marry a wife without being bored with her. Leave her when you like. I can name a lady whom we met a year ago in Bologna, when you first escaped from Forest Moor—I mean that pretty creature you were so much taken with—Genevra della Scala."

"She was very lovely, and I have never forgotten her. A sweet creature, too," said Vivian, with that momentary softening of his face. "I would marry her if I could get her to take me."

"Come here," said Aubrey, drawing him to a tall Venetian mirror. "What do you see there?"

"Myself," said Vivian. "Why?"

"Look, then, on that handsome form and face, and say whether she will refuse you!" said Aubrey.

"Roland—Roland!" said Vivian, with a passionate force that was startling from him, "when my mother died, she left me the fatal gift of her beauty. Oh, that fatal beauty!"

"Vivian—Arthur!" exclaimed Aubrey.

"Ay—you think I was born with a devil in me," said Vivian; "and perhaps I was. But I tell you there are times when I am almost maddened by the memory of my childhood, when I stood an innocent child at my mother's knee, and listened to her gentle teachings. I believed in a God and an eternity then!" he said, with a look of such dark, wild remorse in his lurid eyes, that Roland almost recoiled.

Vivian turned away, and for some minutes there was silence. Roland could not comprehend a character so strangely mixed with such a lingering of something better through all its evil darkness. Surely remorse is the shadow of Heaven, even as the shadow of a cloud must have the sun to cast it, and when it passes leaves the sunlight broad and holy.

"Will you do it, Vivian?" said Aubrey, breaking a silence that was oppressive to him.

"Yes," replied Vivian. "One thing is as good as another; and I don't mind such a pretty wife for a time. How is it to be done?"

"She is a Veronese," said Aubrey. "She is the ward of a distant relative, an old lady who will be glad to be rid of her charge and her money."

"Well," said Vivian, "but when we met her at Bologna I was called merely Signor Arturo."

"So much the better," said Aubrey. "They live, I know, at a small town some ten miles from Verona. We will go there and introduce ourselves—myself in my own name, you as Sir Angelo Egerton: only, mind, the marriage must take place this day month. The day that sees Leonora pledged to me shall see you the owner of five thousand pounds."

"Done!" said Vivian.

"Then I'll go at once and see about our instant departure," said Aubrey.

Vivian looked after him, and as the door closed on him, he muttered, with a bitter sneer, "I wish no better revenge on that cursed dark faced girl than to see her Aubrey's wife. Curse them all!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

AUSTIN ROCHESTER had parted from his injured wife in fierce passion and anger that had not been improved by the almost immediate marriage of his daughter to her son—her work, he knew, in utter defiance of his commands. But Julian had flung in his teeth his cruel and shameful desertion of his wife; he should do so no more. He was worn out and wearied of wandering, and of the dissipations which, even while plunging madly into, he had always despised, and himself for joining. He was weary of it—weary of his lonely, dreary weight of misery and sorrow; and ere June was many days old, he determined to return to her, if he could bear it; for all the bitter memories of his lost and wasted life rose between him and his second wife.

He had taken up his residence in apartments; and from thence he wrote to her that he was himself going to live, at any rate for a time, at Rochester Court, and that he wished her to join him there.

When his arbitrary letter reached Marion she was in her room with Leonora, dressing for the opera, having dismissed her maid, Nelly Warren, in order that she and Leonora might talk more freely.

The first impulse of the loving suffering wife, so long deserted, was passionate joy; her second was very different.

"Oh, Leonora," she cried, "my son—my Julian; he will part me from him! He will never let us meet; and Julian will not be home till next week, and I fear their meeting. I know Austin so well; his passions are so fearful and ungoverned—and yet—oh, child! if he would love me, I could die happy!"

"Dear Marion," said Leonora, "do not let your love for even Julian stand between you and your husband."

"I will go to him now, at once!" said Marion. "Take off this dress! Take these jewels from my hair!"

She was almost tearing them out, when Leonora's hand arrested her.

"Marion," said she, "be calm. Dear Marion, try and be calm."

"Calm!" said Marion. "Have I not been calm all these years! I am not like you, child! I haven't got your iron nerves; and I have't had your iron training. I have been more nervous, too, since I met him that day when Julian interfered between us."

The Castilian said nothing, but wrapped a shawl about her and opened the door. "Come," she said, "the carriage is ready, and Wylde will drive you; and, Marion, remember, do not let Margaret and me stand in the way of his return."

She saw Mrs Rochester into the carriage and saw it drive off, and then re-entered the house.

Meanwhile, Austin Rochester sat waiting for an answer to his imperative letter, with bitter disbelief of her love in his seared heart and hatred to all his kind in his cynical soul; yearning for the affections he had never known, yet repelling the love that was at his feet—spurning even now the wife who was so true to him, despite all she had suffered at his hands. He did not hear a carriage stop, nor steps enter the house; but he heard them ascend the staircase and pause outside, and, as the door opened, he turned sharply to once more confront the beautiful woman whose happiness he had wrecked.

"You here!" he said, drawing back with a dark frown. "Do you answer letters in person at this hour?"

"To my husband, yes," she answered, steadily; "if you wrote at midnight I should come."

"Give me your answer then, madam, and leave me," said Austin.

"Austin, hear me!" said Marion. "When Angelo Egerton went away, he left his ward and her friend under my charge. Leonora cannot leave town; and I have no one to whom I can commit them, until Julian—my son—returns, a week or fortnight hence. Listen still, Austin. I have things in London that I must arrange before I can leave; my house for one, I cannot leave in two days."

"So," said he with an impetuous gesture, "these girls are to prevent you from obeying my commands; and for the other this Egerton——"

"Oh, Austin, hush, and listen to me!" said his wife! "I do not refuse. Heaven knows I could not refuse you my very life's blood; but what need to wait or go straight to the north? Return with me now—come with me—to me; is not my home your home—all I have yours, too?"

"Mine!" he said, shaking off her entreating hand; "mine, aye, as my soul is. I cannot touch it. Leave me. Go and do this Egerton's bidding. You need not come to me in the north. Go!"

"I will not go—I will not leave you!" she said, still preserving the same gentle steady manner, "I am your wedded wife, and I have borne your desertion too long. I will not be cast from you, as if I were unworthy to bear your name. It is killing me; I cannot bear it. Oh, Austin, return with me; it is only till Isbel comes home, and then I will follow you where you will."

He glanced in her face; hesitated, and then said abruptly, "I will come to morrow; it is useless to plead more. I give you my pledge to return to you to morrow."

She bent down, kissed his hand, and went away without a word. Somehow he could not forget that silent kiss.

The same summer moon that shone on him, shone on Leonora. There she sat by the window of the boudoir, whither she had stolen to be alone. Alone she sat, the slight form bending a little forward; the young face drooping, the dark eyes fixed on the ground, one little hand dreamily pushing round a diamond ring on her finger, which flashed and glittered in the moonlight like a star. It was a ring Angelo had placed on her finger the morning of his departure; that was six or seven weeks ago, and she had not had a line from him—not the faintest rumor even of him. Look at that young face; it has the same look it had when she returned from Forest Moor; the anxious lines have returned to the quiet sad brow, and the whole face has the old stern gravity and weariness of expression in every settled line. She suffers in silence and alone.

"Only six weeks!" I hear some impetuous reader exclaim; "what need to be so anxious?"

But you who have ever had husband, brother or father, absent in a position of danger, without hearing of them for even a month, will admit Leonora had cause for the deepest and most agonised anxiety. Egerton had gone away in pursuit of a desperate man whose hands were already stained with blood, and she knew no danger would deter Angelo from the pursuit of the man on whose capture Julian's very life depended. And for now nearly two months she had heard nothing of his fate—whether he was dead or alive. Truly is it said—

Uncertainty!
Fell demon of our fears! The human soul
That can support despair, endures not thee.

And though from the age of five years uncertainty had formed no small portion of the sorrow that had so changed her, the mind can never get quite used to it; and Leonora suffered more now for the man whom she loved, than in that terrible moment of concentrated agony, when she had stood alone with Vivian on the river's bank, knowing that he meant to kill her.

So she sat without moving, the whole time of Mrs. Rochester's absence, till the opening of the door made her lift her face and then rise up quickly as she saw Marion; and her voice, soft and musical as usual, betrayed no emotion when she spoke.

"Dear Marion, is he with you?" she asked. "You look brighter than you have for many a long day."

"Darling, I wish I could see you so," returned Marion. "I am happier, for my husband will return to me to-morrow. Listen, and I will tell you; and then we must go to Margaret. Oh, child! oh, child! how can I win my husband's love!"

The overstrained tension of the nerves gave way; and suddenly, hiding her face on Leonora's breast, Marion wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE evening before the day on which Julian and his young wife were expected to arrive was a wild stormy evening, one of those that are so often in summer followed by a fine day.

Marion Rochester and Leonora were deep in a game of chess, and Margaret Arundel was sitting near, apparently watching the game, but in truth perhaps dreaming of one far away across the mournful, misty Atlantic. Rochester was seated at a little distance, reading the evening paper, and now and then coming round to glance over the game, though he rarely spoke save to utter something bitter or cynical; for he treated his wife with cold and distant politeness, and her guests the same—with perfect courtesy, but no more. Of Leonora's engagement to Angelo he knew nothing; that was only known to Julian and Isbel Rothesay, Marion and Margaret.

"Marion," said Rochester, suddenly, "I think I heard you say yesterday to Miss de Caldara that you wished you had some news of Egerton. Here is news. Listen. 'We learn by the mails just arrived from the continent that a few days ago was celebrated, at the church of Sancta Maria, in Bologna, the marriage of the celebrated Sir Angelo Rothesay Egerton, of Falcontower Castle, to the Signora Genevra della Scala, an Italian lady of birth and great beauty.'"

"It is impossible!" exclaimed his wife and Margaret; but no word passed Leonora's lips. She rose calmly, though with a colorless face, walked round to Rochester, and taking the paper from him read the paragraph herself.

"It is false!—utterly, basely false!" she said. "It is impossible that it can be true."

There was no passion in her manner—no quiver of the lip; but there was a depth and intensity in her low steady voice which perhaps only Marion and Margaret thoroughly felt and understood.

Austin looked at her for a moment; then said, "And why is it impossible that it can be true? What is more likely than for a rich and handsome Englishman to marry a beautiful Italian?"

"Why?"—and now Leonora's proud face flushed darkly for a moment—"because, Mr. Rochester, I am Angelo Egerton's betrothed wife."

"Still, senora, that hardly affects the possibility or likelihood of this statement," said Austin, with a covert sneer, that the cynicism of his nature could not repress.

"Do you judge all men by your own proved standard of faith?" was the bitter taunt which rose to the Spaniard's lips, but she crushed it down, for Marion's sake, and said in a voice resolutely calm, "You, at least, should know Egerton better than that. Well enough to believe in his honor, if not his faith."

"I! I believe in nothing," he said, with his sardonic smile. "Poor child! You will find the anchor of faith you lean on a vain shadow."

"I shall find it a firm rock, on which to rest my life," she answered, coolly resuming her place at the chessboard. "I do not expect you to disbelieve the statement, but leave me to my faith in Egerton. Come, Marion, let us finish our game."

Truly "Perfect love casteth out fear." Her love and faith in Angelo were as perfect as his was in her.

Thus far Roland Aubrey's scheme had utterly failed.

* * * * *

I was restless that night, says Margaret Arundel, in her memoirs. I did not then know why; but looking back, I know now.

It was a very stormy night, but the moon broke out now and then between the clouds, and shone brightly. Leonora's room was next to mine, and a small private door communicated with it. I heard her say 'Good night" to Mr. and Mrs. Rochester on the staircase, and then enter her room, but I did not hear her moving about at all, as if she was undressing. I got into bed, but I couldn't rest or sleep, for my thoughts would wander to her alone there, and then, far, far away—

Across the dreary waste of foam,
Across the western ocean.

I could not read my own heart then; but that night she made me know it.

I heard one o'clock, then two strike, but still sleep would not come—the storm had passed and left the sky clear and fair, and at last rising I wrapped a morning gown round me, and very softly opened the door leading into Leonora's room. It was three

hours nearly since we had come up stairs, but there she sat on the floor by the window, dressed, her raven hair falling about her; her dark, beautiful face uplifted, and her hand clasping to her breast that jewelled cross I knew so well. I stopped a moment spell bound, then crossed the chamber, and sat down on a low chair by her.

"Leonora," I said, gently touching her.

She drew a deep, shivering breath, and turned her face to me.

"Margaret," she whispered, "if he is dead I shall not live long."

"Leonora, Leonora," said I, "don't talk like that—don't talk so, child. It is wrong."

"Wrong," she repeated, almost mechanically; "wrong! why?"

"Isn't it wrong," said I, "to bind up one's very life in that of any human being?"

"I don't know," she replied; "I can't help it. Oh, Margaret, I could bear anything better than this sickening suspense and uncertainty."

Her haughty pride and self-command gave way; and, laying her head on my lap, she wept such tears as I have never before seen a woman weep, and never since. She wept as men, not women, weep; but I was glad to see her, for well I knew that if she knew or believed Egerton really dead, she would have been still, and calm, and tearless, and so have withered away like a blighted flower, and died.

She recovered herself in a few moments, but she did not lift her head, and I bent down, and whispered, "He isn't dead, Leonora; he can't be. You look too readily at the dark side of things; isn't it much more likely that he is in disguise in some way that makes it impossible for him to write?"

She made no answer, and to rouse her I added, "It is strange about that notice in the paper. It is more than a mere report."

"Margaret, you don't believe it?" she said.

"No, Leonora," I replied; "I should like to know what it really means."

"I know it can't be Angelo," she replied, "and so I don't care to know anything about it, or who it is."

Oh, that child's faith! it was sublime—it was grand!

"Leonora," said I, "suppose that some one told you they had seen the marriage. Suppose Julian Rothesay—or —or—Colonel St. John ——" I could not help that foolish hesitation.

She lifted her dark eyes, and fixed them on me, with that look of hers that Vivian had quailed beneath, and which now brought the color to my cheeks, and read my very heart better than I did myself.

"I should think them strangely mistaken. Perhaps," she said, with a half smile, "that Angelo might have a double, but no more that it was himself than I do now."

"Leonora," I said, "I think, in your place, and in that case, my faith would fail."

"Wait till you are tried," she said.

Again the tell tale color rushed into my face so warmly that I raised my hand to hide it.

She rose up suddenly, and wound her arms about me, drawing my head upon her breast. I burst into tears; I couldn't help it; I was weak and unnerved.

"Oh, Leonora," I cried, "you will despise me; you must think me so weak, so foolish, and wrong."

"I knew it long ago, my dear Margaret," whispered the soft musical voice I had never loved so well as now, "and nothing can make me think badly of my Margaret. Can we help giving our affections? They are beyond control. Did I not love Angelo even as a child in his arms, ay, long before I knew I was anything to him but his ward."

Surely that child was sent as a blessing to all she came in contact with.

For a long time we were silent, and then I said, "Hope and trust, Leonora, darling. Now come to bed, and have as much hope as you have faith."

She smiled sadly, and shook her head, but we went to bed, and I soon slept. I don't think she did, for the next day she looked very weary and anxious; though when I reminded her that she was to go and meet Julian Rothesay and Isbel at London Bridge, her face brightened. I think, next to Angelo, Julian has the first place in her heart, and knowing what I do now, I don't wonder at it.

Looking over the notes from which I write these memoirs, I find that some few things which followed have been by me somewhat passingly put down.

Julian Rothesay and Isbel took Mrs. Rochester's Seymour street house off her hands, and then she went with her husband to Rochester Court; but he did not meet either Isbel or her husband, and Mrs. Rochester saw them at the hotel they were at till she left town. When she went, Leonora and I remained with the Rothesays and I was glad of it, for Julian had more influence over Leonora than any one, save Egerton, and he made her sit to him for the portrait, he said, smiling, of "Leonora, Lady Egerton."

I remember one day we were all out riding in the park, when Isbel exclaimed, "Leonora, there is Roland Aubrey riding this way."

The next moment he came up, affected to hesitate, and then, with a bow to us, addressed my Spanish friend very coolly considering what had passed.

"Pardon me, senora," said he, "but are you aware of the marriage of Sir Angelo Egerton in Bologna?"

"A mere newspaper report" she answered with a haughty carelessness.

"Pardon, again, senora," said he; "I saw the marriage myself."

"Then Mr. Aubrey must have been strangely mistaken to imagine any stranger Sir Angelo Egerton," said Leonora, with bitter sarcasm. "When that gentleman himself informs me of his marriage I will believe it, not before. Your scheme, sir, is 'Love's labor lost.'"

With an ironical bow and smile she turned from him and we rode on.

"That man is at the bottom of the report," she said to Rothesay; "his whole scheme is as plain as day, Julian."

"His opinion of a woman's truth must be very poor," returned Julian, smiling. "He has over-reached himself. I would as soon believe Isbel here false, as Angelo."

CHAPTER XXXVII

AUSTIN ROCHESTER treated his wife with the most cold and distant politeness that was consistent with the commonest courtesy of a gentleman, a course that cut her more deeply, and placed a more effectual barrier between them than any harshness could have done; for she began to both fear him, to long for his presence and yet to dread it; and when he came he found her timid and nervous to a degree, that grew at last, cut off as she was now from all who loved her, to actual agony. Sorrow had done its work, and her nervous system was not what it had been ten years before.

If Marion Rochester had met Austin's pride with pride, coldness with coldness, and cynicism with bitterness—if she had set herself, as some would have done, systematically to oppose his wishes and commands, to resist him in everything, she would have made his home a continual scene of discord, and brought upon her head untold misery.

But it was the nature of Austin's gentle wife to act the very opposite to all this. Such an idea as disputing anything he commanded or wished never entered her head. She never met him, when she did see him, with a frown or a cloud on her face; nervous and timid she often was now in his presence; but though it sometimes annoyed him—the more that he knew it was his work—it was impossible that he could for ever in heart utterly resist the influence of her unvarying sweetness and gentleness. It was touching to watch her if he spoke to her with something less of his cold distance; how every feature suddenly lighted up, yet how the tear started to her eye and her lip quivered; how when he paced gloomily up and down the room, as he often did, her eyes would follow him; and, oh! how her heart ached for him, how she longed to throw herself at his feet and entreat him not to repulse her—to love her, to let her love him. Let her love him! Alas for her! Long since had the heart he crushed as ruthlessly as his own been given to him.

Marion was one of those gentle, affectionate creatures who must lean upon and love those whom she was constantly with; and hers was not the sudden passion which springs up in a day—it had begun when she first met Austin, in pity. It grew and strengthened day by day and week by week—the strong, pure love of a true hearted woman, the trusting, holy love of a wife to her husband. She was the first who had loved Austin Rochester, the only being who had anything but dislike for him, and yet he suffered a cruel, unjust suspicion to blind him; but when he felt himself yielding under that influence the thought would cross him, like a flame of fire, "Her heart is in Cyril d'Arcy's grave, and she hates me!"

But worse than that, poor Marion had against her his fixed—and, remembering his life—natural belief that no one ever could or ever would love, or even like him; and he tried to harden himself against her. Tried, but it was only in manner." Oh Austin, my husband, have mercy! Is it not enough that you have broken the heart that loves you too well? rose up against him; and though outwardly he was as cold and unmoved as ever, in his heart he was not.

He long struggled against it; but there was something about Marion which, despite himself, touched at last the naturally generous and noble nature which lay beneath the evil—a sort of clinging gentleness which to a man like himself could not fail to arouse everything soft and good in him. He felt his dislike to her melting though, alas! not his belief in the impossibility of her love. Often of a night as she slept he would bend over her and gently draw back the sunny tresses from her fair face; once, and once only, he bent lower still and softly kissed her brow; she moved slightly, and smiling, murmured a name in her sleep; his heart beat wildly—it was the name of "Austin" that his wife uttered; but then he turned away with a low, bitter laugh.

"No, it is impossible," said he; "she must, she does hate me. It is impossible for any one to love me."

A darker, deeper shadow fell on him. He was no longer indifferent to the wife whom years before it had cost him such agony to wed.

* * * * *

One day late in the autumn, just as the sun was sinking behind the hills which lay to the west, Marion drove out quite alone in her little park phaeton; but as she reached the bottom of the hill on which the hall stood she looked back.

Was she mistaken? No. There on the terrace, stood the figure of her husband, with a favorite dove of hers in his hand, watching her, she was sure, and urged by a sudden and irresistible impulse she waved her handkerchief to him. The next moment she saw him throw the dove up in the air, as if casting it from him. What unaccountable feeling made her still pause, and with straining eyes watch the dove. Would it fly to her? No. It circled round, poised a minute, and suddenly wheeled and nestled in Austin's breast, and he did not repulse it; he tenderly caressed the little thing, her dove, and she bowed her head and wept tears that had hope in them.

It was a very lovely evening, but Marion, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not heed it, and the ponies wandered on, and stopped under some trees to crop the grass. For a long time she sat there till the sun had sunk and the gloaming began to fall, and then the chilliness roused her from her dreams of the past, and she gathered up the reins to return; but as she did so a man stepped from amongst the trees and laid his hand on the reins—a man we know, though she did not—more haggard and wild looking now than when last we saw him, but Stephen Stanfeld still.

"Are you Mr. Rochester's wife?" he said, roughly.

"I am," replied Marion, boldly, though heart sank within her. "Let go those horses."

"Not yet, lady," said he. "You are handsomer than your predecessor, and I must have a few words with you."

"Not one," said Marion; and bold with the desperation of terror, she sprang to the ground to fly, flinging away the heavy whip, which, in her place, Leonora would have laid across him with no weak hand.

With one stride Stanfeld was at her side, and had grasped her hand; but in that moment a tall figure stood between them.

"Villain! you have killed my first wife, and insult the second!" And with all his fierce passion and hatred concentrated in that one blow, Austin Rochester felled Stanfeld to the ground.

Marion remembered no more. The first thing she knew again was a dreamy consciousness of being in a lighted room, and hearing voices.

"Nelly, she has lain like this a long time," said the voice of Austin, in low tones. "I wish she would move."

"There is nothing to fear, indeed, sir," replied Nelly. "Her hands are warmer. Leave her to me, now, awhile."

He made no answer; and went away with a slow, sad step. It was some time longer before Marion could speak.

"Nell," she said, faintly.

"Here I am, my darling mistress. How do you feel?" said the girl, bending over her.

Mrs. Rochester raised herself, and glanced at the clock. It was past ten.

"As late as that?" she said, passing her hand over her eyes. "Nelly, I have been weaker of late, or I should not have fainted so long, I know. Where is my husband?"

"In the library, ma'am," replied the girl. "There is a fire there."

"Alone—all alone!" murmured Marion: then aloud, "You may go to bed, Nelly. I shall not want you to night."

Nelly Warren retired, and then Marion opened the door and descended the staircase.

Meanwhile, Rochester had gone to the library, where a little fire burned, with a small sofa placed beside it. He sat down on it, and, resting his head on his hand, fixed his eyes on the fire, more lonely, more desolate, more broken-hearted than when he had stood there alone and deserted that heavy day years ago, when his first wife died. All the sad, bitter memories of the past had been aroused by that brief meeting with Stanfeld. All his sorrows were raked up and laid bare again; he felt that the crisis of his fate had come at last. He could no longer disguise it from himself that he love his gentle and deeply injured wife, whom he could not believe loved him. Yet he felt that after what had passed, little though that seemed, he could not go on with her as he had done; he must speak to her, yet his pride, his every feeling rose when he thought of her answer, that is, what he believed it would be. He little imagined how near she was while he sat there, his very heart burning with agony.

Marion paused a moment outside the door, fearing to enter, and fearing—oh! how fearing to meet one of those cold stern looks, so forbidding, so repelling to her, which said so plainly, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." Yet he was alone—he was unhappy, and who should go to him if not she, his wife? She opened the door quietly, and trembling, entered. His head was bowed on his hand, and his whole form drooping. Woman's love triumphed over fear and nervous timidity, and she sprang forwards—to his feet.

"Oh! Austin, do not send me away. Indeed I could not rest while you were alone and sad here."

He started and looked up. "Send you away?" he repeated slowly; "send you away, Marion? No; it is well you have come, I have much to say to you. You have heard part, and all must come now."

He rose and pace up and down, striving to recover the self command which for a moment he had lost. It was but for a moment; then he said calmly and steadily, "Marion, listen to me. You as yet know little of my past life. It is sad; but for once I will tell all. I do not fear to lay bare all to your gentle innocence. Once, years ago, I heard you tell my daughter that you pitied me; it nearly maddened me then; but now, I say, be lenient to the evil and wrong you will see, and pity them—if you can."

She longed to throw herself in his arms, and tell him how she loved him, but something in his eye held her silent and nerveless.

Rochester leaned against the mantle-piece and went on. "I never knew my mother—she died. Perhaps if she had lived I might have been a better man, for she was a gentle creature; but she died, and my father, who passionately loved her, considered me as the cause of her death, and in consequence honored me with his hatred. My brother Wilmot followed in his steps, and even the very servants aped them. I soon grew old enough to think, and see, and feel what an isolated hated being I was, and I also soon grew old enough to resent it fiercely, to pay back scorn for scorn, hatred with hatred, and injury for injury. I must have come into the world under an evil star, I think, for I was born with a nature which, without any of my doing, seemed to be antagonistic to everything and everybody. I was haughty, passionate, and revengeful. Nothing held me in check but my pride, and with such an ungovernable nature that did not go far. How should any better feelings influence me, when all that long, dreamy, desolate childhood, I never heard one kind word?—I tell you, Marion, not one. Every evil in me was fostered; but there was not one to speak gently, or teach one good thing to the motherless boy. Often of night, when quite a little child, I have cried myself to sleep, for I was cursed with an intense, passionate yearning for affection. Is it a wonder that I grew cynical, morose, and instinctively hated everybody? I was sent to school, but it was the same there; I was at daggers drawn with them all at once.

"At seventeen I was sent to Eton. I was there only twelve months; and then, when it was too late, I met the only being who ever cared for me even slightly, Angelo Egerton. One look from his strange eyes, so unfathomable, so calm and searching, yet gentle, would calm me in my wildest moments; the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, would check me. I could not fathom his nature; I could not tell how or whence his power came; but he controlled me as by some mystic power, but even he did not love me. I knew him too late; we were parted too soon. Oh, Marion, it is a terrible thing to live without affection! No words can tell what I suffered; the agony, the utter desolation of my heart! I tell you I would sooner die the most hideous death than go over one step of my life again. It has been nothing but one of misery and sorrow, and bitter troubles and remorse. It has made me what I am—and you know too well what that is."

He paused a moment and then went on.

"I went from Eton to college—but spare me the details. I could not bear myself; and to drown thought, I plunged wildly into dissipation. My father died when I was barely nineteen, leaving me, deep in debt, with a thousand pounds. I left England at once, secretly, and went abroad, not leaving any trace even to my brother Wilmot; only Egerton, under an oath of secrecy, knew of my retreat."

Again Austin paused before he went on, but not quite so steadily or calmly as before.

"No matter how I lived abroad—let that pass. I met an English gentleman there, a Mr. Earnscliffe, who had a daughter, Mina, a beautiful creature. Marion, I loved her—oh, how I loved that girl!—I worshipped, idolized her! But at first I did not speak, for she had some fortune, and I had none—at first, I say, for I had not known them long, when I heard that the bank in which Earnscliffe's fortune was had failed. Well, there is no need to linger here. I spoke then, and was accepted. Marion, I believed that she loved me as I did her——"

He stopped abruptly—his lips were white; but after a minute or two he continued.

"We were married soon, for her father hurried it on, though a year afterwards I knew that she had only married me in pique It seems strange to tell you all this; but I, who had so loved my wife, soon found that I had been deceived, and by her. Fool, madman that I was, to imagine that any human creature could care for me! She did not; she hated and detested me as the rest had done, and she soon showed it; but I loved her better than I had ever done. One day I asked her what made her so unhappy, and entreated her to tell me—she did

then. With passionate tears and sobs she told me how she hated me; and she had loved—how she did still love, one who, before I knew her, had won her heart—it was Stephen Stanfield, then in the prime of his life. She told me how he had deserted her, as she rightly supposed, because of some rumor about her property. Then I came; and how, in wounded love and pique, she wedded me. I gave her no word of reproach for her cruel deception, but I grew more stern and bitter after that.

"A year passed away, and Mina was within a very short time of her confinement. I knew she could not survive it; there was no need to tell me that, as they did; for had I not ever since that fatal explanation seen her, month after month, drooping, drooping slowly into her grave.

"We were then at Geneva, and one day I went out and was absent some time, and it was therefore late when I returned home. As I approached the drawing-room, I heard my wife's voice in entreaty, and then a man's voice answered in fierce tones. I dashed open the door and stood face to face with my rival. She, my wife, was crouching at his feet, and he stood gazing on her with the face of a demon. It was well I had no weapon in my hand, or I should have killed him. She must have read in my face what was in me, for she threw herself with a wild cry, between us. I remember putting her aside and demanding of him what he did there. He stood there—in my house—and insolently told me that he had watched and waited for this time to perfect his revenge; that he had come to upbraid her for her faithlessness to him; and this when he had a wife in England, which he had left for his fiendish revenge. I did not wait to hear his black villany to the end. I remember stepping forwards and hurling him with a strength such as I have never possessed save then, right through the open window on to the lawn without, and Mina, with a shriek that I never heard before, and never can again, fell senseless in my arms.

"Oh! why did I recall that fatal day!" said Rochester, covering his face with a bitter agony that he could not control.

There was a dead silence for a moment. Marion sat bending forwards, her lips apart, her eyes fixed on her husband's, spell bound she could not move or speak. Austin dropped his hands, his face was ashy white, but he went on.

"I carried her up stairs to her room, and sent for a physician; they recovered her from her swoon, but not to her senses. She awoke a raving maniac, and from her ravings I learnt all that had been left untold, all the love she had borne him, and how fiendishly he had repaid it. That night she gave birth to twins. She never saw another sun; she died that night.

"Marion, one child was born mad, and it was his work—his only. It died in a few months, leaving me Isbel, who, like her mother, hated me. I left the place with the child, wanderers in a strange land. But that child—how I loved it! I idolised it! The rest you knew—no, not all yet. I have more to tell you; but the story of my life is ended. I have lived forty years, and in that time I have gone through more sorrows than most men have in twice that number of years. Perhaps they should have softened me, but they did not; you see how the very sight of that man roused all the demon in me. Marion, you know now to what and who you are wedded; you see why all hate me!"

Marion had listened till now without moving, with every nerve strung too high even for tears; but when he stopped, she rose, hesitated a second, and then she threw her arms round his neck, and laying her head on his breast, said, touchingly, "Oh, Austin! not all. I love you, my husband."

The simple words, the tender action went to Rochester's very heart, and he clasped his wife passionately to him, and for a moment held her close, close to him, as if no power should ever take her from him. It was only for a moment; the thought flashed across him. "She mistakes pity for love;" and he put her back.

"No, Marion," he said; "you mistake your own feelings, I should have told you long ago. A woman loves but once, and your love is buried."

Marion bowed her head, and for the first time wept. She saw now the shadows that had been upon her married life.

"Oh, Austin! Austin!" she said, "Cyril was never anything but a second father to me. I have never loved but once."

"Stay, Marion," said Austin. "Do you know I married you from the basest motives—money—yet for my Isbel too, to make a home for her. Oh! what it cost me! I hated you then. I do so no longer. Your gentleness and sweetness under all my harshness and desertion have won me even against my will."

"And yet you will not believe me," she interrupted, passionately. "Oh! Austin, if you repulse me again I shall die! I, who have loved you so long!"

"I do believe you, my darling! my beloved wife!" said Austin. And, as he clasped her close to his heart, the tears she wept on his breast were tears of joy. There was no alloy in them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Heart of Ice.

BY A. G. S.

THE winter's day was drawing to a close, and the bleak shades of a snowy night were setting in.

In the silent seclusion of a deep and lonely glen, far from any other habitation, and some length from the public road, stood a small cottage, known as the Glen Farmhouse, the property of Ralph Granite, who resided there with his wife, and had done so for thirty years.

He was a cold, hard man—cold and hard as the name he bore.

Mary Granite, his wife, was the exact reverse, with a motherly face and a warm and tender heart.

On this bleak night of December, this night of storm, wind and snow, Granite and his wife were quietly seated in the large, homely kitchen.

At last Mrs. Granite, dropping her knitting in her lap, broke the silence of the room.

"I wonder where Alice is to-night, Ralph?"

"What do you care where she is, eh?" roughly exclaimed the farmer, looking up from his paper with a dark frown.

"A night of storm never comes but I think of my poor girl! It was on such a night as this that she left our home, and to-night I have such a strange feeling at my heart."

"Banish her from your thoughts as I have done—the disobedient girl."

"Oh Ralph, Ralph, it is unfatherly to talk thus! Remember that she is your daughter, my child—the only child God ever gave us."

And tears came rushing to the poor mother's eyes.

"What claim has she on us now? A very dutiful daughter she proved, didn't she?" cried the father, bitterly. "When Alice disobeyed me by marrying that fop, George Conway, I tore her face and memory out of my heart."

"Alice was never a disobedient child—never, never!" wept the mother. 'She loved a man who loved her truly. She came to you and told you all; he, too, came, and asked your consent to marry Alice. What was your answer? You refused, insulted him, and thrust him from your house."

"As I'd do again," muttered the farmer, between his clenched teeth.

"They were married in the village church," went on Mrs Granite, "and took the night train for the city two long years ago. From that time to this her fate and whereabouts have been a mystery, and she has never written to us."

"Yes, she wrote," said Ralph Granite, his face growing still harder. "She sent two or three letters after she went away, but I destroyed them the moment I received them."

"And you never told me? Oh, Ralph! Ralph! that was cruel!"

"Not more so than her disobedience to her father's wishes. Come now, drop the subject."

Once more silence reigned in the farmer's cottage.

Ten o'clock came, and the storm continued with unabated fury.

The farmer and his wife took up their candle, and securely fastening the door, took their way up to their chamber above the kitchen.

They had scarcely entered the apartment when a pitiful cry was wended to their ears from without.

Mr. Granite raised the window and put his head out.

"Who's there," he asked, trying to penetrate the darkness.

"A poor woman who has lost her way in the night and storm," said a sorrowful voice.

"Where do you want to go?"

"I want to reach the village, but I'm not able to walk any farther. Won't you please give me shelter. Pray do—only till morning!" spoke the wanderer out in that awful storm.

"Poor thing!" cried Granite's wife. "I'll go down and open the door."

"No you won't!"

And the farmer stayed his wife; then said to the woman:

"You follow the road a couple o' mile and you'll reach the village. We don't take in wanderers."

He shut down the window, and his wife fell into a chair weeping.

"Ralph, Ralph!" she cried, through her tears, "your heart is ice! The poor woman will perish!"

The farmer made no answer, but retired to bed.

Man without a heart, sleep on, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber that will ever visit your pillow. The morrow's dawn will bring to your home a horror which will blight, darken, and shadow your future on earth; it will rend your icy heart as it was never rent before!

And the poor woman of the storm, where was she? Out on the lonely road, where snow lay in drifts, and the wind tore by. On, on, her step faltered, she stopped, then fell.

Fierce howled the wind, heavier fell the snow, and on the roadside started up a face; white as the snow that surrounded it, the face of the strange woman, rigid in death, in her shroud of snow.

* * * * *

Morning dawned, with a blue sky, a genial sun, and a snow clad country.

Farmer Granite and his wife were eating breakfast.

The farmer's face wore a strange look, and his wife was puzzled.

"Wife," said he, after finishing his breakfast, and pushing back his chair, "do you know what I'm going to do to day?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'm going to write to the city and ask both Alice and her husband to come out here."

"Are you really in earnest?"

"Yes, wife. I've been a stern father long enough. I'm going to make up with Alice and her husband."

Mrs Granite's joy was unbounded. The heart of ice had melted at last.

"I wonder what became of that poor woman who came to our door last night?"

"Oh, she's in the village now, for all probability."

A pain, heavy and sharp, seemed to catch his breath.

Why did he start and seize the back of his chair to keep himself from falling?

Four men were coming up the path—four neighbors carrying between them a plank, with something on it.

They entered the farmer's kitchen and laid the burden on the floor.

The farmer and his wife were as pale as the dead face before them.

"A woman, Mr. Granite," explained one of the men, "a woman as was found by us four, this morning, up yonder on the road. She's quite dead, sir."

"Why—why did you bring her here?" gasped the farmer.

"'Cause I thought as how her face looked like—like—"

A wild shriek came from Mrs. Granite, who dropped on her knees and tore the covering off the face of the dead woman.

A cry of agony and horror came from the farmer, as the dead face, with its open, glassy eyes, stared up at him.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, covering his eyes, and staggering backwards.

"It is Alice—our Alice—whom you refused to shelter last night! Oh, Ralph, it is the vengeance of Heaven!"

A moan, and Mrs. Granite fell to the floor in a swoon.

"Our Alice!" moaned the stricken father, kneeling at his dead daughter's side, and parting the frozen hair from the white temple. "Our Alice, whose brightness I have so longed for; and I—I killed her! I was going to write for you to day, Alice. It's too late now, though—too late now!"

His mind was giving way under the awful shock.

A letter lay in the village postoffice, and had lain there for two weeks past. One day after Alice had been laid in the churchyard, Mrs. Granite received and read it.

It was dated from the city, and from her daughter, telling her that her husband had failed in business and died, and that she was coming home—coming back to the place where she was born, for her heart was broken, and prayed that her father might forgive her.

The letter was received too late.

* * * * *

It is summer, and the little churchyard of the village is a blooming Eden.

A double grave has been made; two coffins have been lowered into the earth, and the little slab contains three names—Ralph and Mary Granite, and Alice, their daughter.

Husband, wife, and daughter sleep together now, under the shade of the churchyard willow.

It is related that during a call made on the Sultan by Mrs. Layard, wife of the British Minister, the Sultan invited her to ride with him. In a few minutes a light basket-carriage, drawn by two dashing bays, stopped in front of the palace. The Sultan gave Lady Bayard his arm, opened her parasol himself, and assisted her down the steps, shading her the while. Not only this, but during the entire course of a half hour's ride through the palace grounds, notwithstanding her remonstrances that the Sultan would fatigue himself, he stoutly held the parasol over head while she handled the reins—an act of courtesy to a woman, and a Christian at that, unprecedented in the annals of the Ottoman Empire.

Lieutenant Landsberg, of the Russian Imperial Guards, has confessed to having murdered Mme. Vlasoff and her servant in St. Petersburg. The object of the murder was to obtain from Mme. Vlasoff a bill of sale which she held on his property. Landsberg was considered in St. Petersburg society to be one of the most promising officers in the Imperial Guards. In Prince Mestchersky's "History of the Russo-Turkish War," recently published, his portrait figures frequently in the illustrations of the siege of Plevna, in which he earned promotion and several honorable distinctions.

THE LADY COUSIN.

WHERE is the happy man who never felt the baneful influence of a cousin whom he loved better than a sister, and who had more than a sister's influence over him?

Few men are rash enough to marry with a cousin, but a man's first love is invariably his own cousin, or some fair little maid whom that cousin cordially hates and against whom she uses all the spiteful cunning little sarcasms that an active mind can mature.

"Whom first we love we seldom wed."

Especially is this true of man.

His favorite lady cousin will not marry him, or he fears to marry with one so nearly related to him by ties of blood. That lady cousin is not going to allow him to marry any other woman while she herself remains single. No, not if she has a tongue in her head and knows how to use it.

Does he venture to remark that Miss Jones has a lovely complexion; the lady cousin assures him that Miss Jones has not got the chalk on even over her eyebrows. Does he hint that Miss Smith waltzes divinely, the lady cousin takes care to state that Miss Smith hasn't a divine temper by any means. Does he say that Miss Brown seems to dress beautifully, the lady cousin immediately remarks that probably he has never seen Miss Brown's stocking heels or he would change his mind. Does he venture to suggest that the prudent and virtuous Miss Green would make some man happy for life, his lady cousin elevates her nose and hints that all women are not what they seem.

Unfortunately for his peace of mind the average man believes implicitly all his favorite lady cousin insinuates, and the lady cousin seldom repents, seldom confesses. She seems to feel that she has done her duty to herself if she has done it to no other person. She has kept her cousin free; he has been a comfort to her and to his maiden aunts and respected grandmother. When she herself marries it is a different thing. She has enough to do to look after the affairs of her husband. Her cousin is more free to choose for himself. He usually does choose, but can never quite forget his first love, and whether that love was his favorite cousin or not, he never ceases to repeat to himself at the dawn of every New Year, "If only she had not been my cousin."

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen."

Don't allow yourself to believe everything your favorite lady cousin chooses to tell you if you do so you will have cause to repent it to the end of your days.

SYLVIA A. M. MOSS.

A QUEER GIRL.—About two years since a young girl named Clare, living in Ontario, was taken ill. Her disease could not be correctly diagnosed, and had many peculiar features. Her appetite fell off, and she lost flesh till from 130 pounds weight she barely weighed 87 pounds. There did not seem to be any organic complaint. After the lapse of a few months she took to her bed. Then it was that a change occurred in her mental condition. Formerly she was noted rather for lack of conversational powers, but now fits or spasms would come over her, on the passing away of which her eyes would become set and glazed, her body almost rigid, and while in that state she would discourse eloquently, and give vivid descriptions of far off scenes, far exceeding in their beauty anything which she had ever seen or presumably ever read of. This continued till about a month since, when an extraordinary change occurred. The girl, although still not gaining flesh, appeared to rally. But another remarkable developement also took place. She is constantly giving off electrical charges, and seems to be a perfect battery. A person, unless possessed of the very strongest nerves, cannot shake hands with her, nor can any one place his hand in a pail of water with hers. By joining hands she can send a sharp shock through fifteen or twenty people in a room, and she possesses all the attraction of a magnet. If she attempts to pick up a knife, the blade will jump into her hand, and a paper of needles will hang suspended from one of her fingers. So strongly developed is this electrical power, that she cannot release from her touch any article of steel which she may have taken up. The only method yet found is for a second party to take hold of the article and pull, while the girl strokes her own arm vigorously from the wrist upward. On her entering a room a perceptible influence seizes hold of all others. Animals are also subject to her influence, and a pet dog of a household will be for hours at her feet as motionless as in death. Wooden spoons have had to be made for her, as she cannot touch metal. Altogether the case is a most remarkable one, and attracts scores of visitors. Medical men are specially interesting themselves.

Miss Gardner of Boston, who obtained an honorable mention for her picture, "At the Fountain," exhibited at the Paris Salon this year, is believed to be the only American lady who has ever been granted this distinction, or a prize of any kind, at a French exposition of fine arts.

PERHAPS.

BY HORACE L. NICHOLSON.

Affections little tokens
That came with glad surprise,
Hands clasped in gentle pressure,
The smile, and love lit eyes,
The sad, reluctant partings,
The gladness when we met,
Perhaps she does remember—
Perhaps she does forget.

My memory in absence,
The flow'rs and birds I prized,
Our twilight consultations,
The plans we each devised,
How we walked and talked together,
And watched the red sun set,
Perhaps she would remember—
Perhaps she would forget.

When other tongues shall flatter,
And drown all honest praise,
When fairest flow'rs deceive us,
And sweetest voice betrays,
When lilies droop and roses die,
My humble violet,
Perhaps she may remember—
Perhaps she may forget.

When the grass grows green above me,
Will any footsteps tread
In loving sadness round my grave?
Will any tears be shed?
Will any heart sit mourning?
Will there be one regret?
Perhaps she will remember—
Perhaps she will forget.

The Veiled Mirror.

BY A. O. G.

THE Old Year was fast growing to a close. Adam Hathaway, a wealthy merchant, sat in his counting room, striking a balance between his gains and losses for the year which had nearly passed.

He at length threw down his pen, after footing up the last column, and exclaimed joyfully:

"Five thousand dollars net gain in one year. That will do very well—very well, indeed. If I am as well prospered in the year to come, it will indeed be a 'Happy New Year.'"

His meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door.

He opened the door and saw standing before him a man of ordinary appearance, bearing under his arm something, the nature of which he could not conjecture, wrapt up in brown paper.

"Mr. Hathaway, I believe?" was the stranger's salutation.

"You are correct."

"Perhaps, if not particularly engaged, you will allow me a few minutes' conversation with you."

"Yes, certainly," was the surprised reply, "though I am at a loss to conjecture what could have brought you here."

"You are a wealthy man, Mr. Hathaway, and every year increases your possessions. May I ask what is your object in accumulating so much property?"

"This is a very singular question, sir," said the merchant, who began to entertain doubts as to his visitor's sanity, "very singular. I suppose I am actuated by the same motives that actuate other men—the necessity of providing for my physical wants and so contributing to my happiness."

"And this contents you? But your gains are not all devoted to this purpose. This last year, for example, the overplus has amounted to five thousand dollars."

"I know not where you have gained your information," said Mr. Hathaway, in surprise. "However, you are right."

"And what do you intend to do with this?"

"You are somewhat free with your questions, sir. However, I have no objection in answering you. I shall lay it up."

"For what purpose? I need not tell you that money, in itself, is of no value. It is only the representative of value. Why then do you allow it to remain idle?"

"How else should I employ it? I have a comfortable house well furnished—should I purchase one more expensive? My table is well provided—should I live more luxuriously? My wardrobe is well supplied—should I dress more expensively?"

"To these questions I answer 'No.' But it does not follow, because you have a good house, comfortable clothing, and a well-supplied table, that others are equally well provided. Have you thought to give of your abundance to those who are needy; to promote your own happiness by advancing that of others?"

"I must confess that is a duty which I have neglected. But there are alms houses and benevolent societies. There cannot be much misery that escapes their notice," said Mr. Hathaway.

"You shall judge for yourself."

The stranger commenced unwrapping the package which he carried under his arm.

It was a small mirror, with a veil hanging before it. He slowly withdrew the veil, and said:

"Look!"

A change passed over the surface of the mirror. Mr. Hathaway, as he looked at it intently, found that it reflected a small room, scantily furnished; while a faint fire flickered in the grate. A bed stood in one corner of the room, on which reposed a sick man. By the side of it sat a woman, with a thin shawl over her shoulders, busily plying her needle. An infant boy lay in a cradle not far off, which a little girl, called Alice, whose wasted form and features spoke of want and privation, was rocking to sleep.

The scene vanished, and gradually another framed itself upon the surface of the mirror.

It was a small room, neatly, but not expensively furnished. There were two occupants—a man of middle age, and a youth of a bright intellectual countenance which, at present, seemed overspread with an air of dejection.

Mr. Hathaway, to his surprise, recognized in the gentlemen Mark Audley and his son. The former a fellow-merchant and intimate friend, who, but a few months before, had failed in business; and, too honorable to defraud his creditors, had given up all his property. Since his failure he had been reduced to accept a clerkship.

The scene vanished as before—a change passed over the surface of the mirror. Again the merchant looked, and, to his surprise, beheld the interior of his own store. A faint light was burning, by the light of which a young man, whom he recognized as Frank Durell, one of his own clerks, was reading a letter, the contents of which seemed to agitate him powerfully.

The scene was brought so near that he could without difficulty, trace the lines, written in a delicate female hand, as follows:

"MY DEAR SON:—You are not probably expecting to hear from me at this time. Alas! that I should have such an occasion to write. At the time of your father's death, it was supposed that, by the sacrifice of everything, we had succeeded in liquidating all his debts. Even this consolation is now denied us. I received a call from Mr. Perry this morning, who presented, for immediate payment, a note, given by your father, for fifty dollars. Immediate payment! How, with a salary barely sufficient to support us, can you meet such a charge? Can any way be devised. Mr. Perry threatens, if the money is not forthcoming, to seize our furniture. He is a hard man, and I have no hopes of appeasing him. I do not know that you can do anything to retard it; but I have thought it right to acquaint you with this new calamity.

Your affectionate mother,

MARY DURELL."

The young man laid down the letter with an air of depression, blew out the lamp, and left the store.

The picture faded.

"I will show you another picture, somewhat different from the others, it will be the last," said the stranger.

The next scene represented the interior of a baker's shop. The baker—a coarse-featured man, with a hard, unprepossessing aspect—was waiting on a woman, thinly clad in garments more suitable for June than December. She was purchasing two loaves and a few crackers.

There was another gentleman waiting his turn. It was a gentleman, with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Make haste," said the baker, rudely, to the woman, who was searching for her money to pay for her purchases; "I can't stop all day; and here's a gentleman you keep waiting."

"O, never mind me; I am in no hurry," the gentleman said.

"I am afraid," said the woman, in an alarmed tone, "that I have lost my money. I had it here in my pocket; but now it is gone."

"Then you must return the bread; I don't sell for nothing."

"Trust me for once, sir. I will pay you in a day or two. Otherwise my children must go without food to morrow."

"Can't help that. You shouldn't have been so careless."

The woman was about turning away when the voice of the other customer arrested her steps.

"How much money have you lost?" he inquired.

"It was but half a dollar," was the reply; "but it was of consequence to me, as I can get no more for a day or two; and how we are to live till then, Heaven knows."

"Perhaps that will help you to decide the question," and he took from his pocket a five dollar bill, and handed it to her.

"O, sir," said she, her face lighting up with gratitude, "this is indeed generous and noble. The blessings of those you have befriended, attend you!"

She remained to make a few purchases, then with a light heart she departed.

The last picture faded from the mirror; and the stranger, wrapping it up carefully, said:

"You have seen how much happiness a trifling sum can produce. Will you not of your abundance, make a similar experiment?"

The stranger disappeared; and Mr. Hathaway awoke to find his dream terminated by the chime of the New Year's bells.

"This is something more than a dream," said he, thoughtfully. "I will, at all events, take counsel of the mystic vision; and it shall not be my fault if some hearts are not made happier through my means before another sun sets."

"I believe," said he, to himself, "I will go and see my old friend, Mark Audley."

As he walked along with this praiseworthy determination in his heart, his attention was drawn towards a little girl who was gazing with eager, wistful eyes into the window of a neighboring shop, where were displayed in tempting array some fine oranges. He thought—nay, he was quite sure—that in her he recognized the little girl who figured in the first scene, unfolded the evening before by the mysterious mirror. By way of ascertaining, he addressed her in a pleasant tone:

"Your name is Alice, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said she, looking up surprised, and somewhat awed.

"And your father is sick, is he not?"

"Yes, sir; but he is almost well now."

"I saw you were looking at the oranges in the window. Now I will buy you a dozen if you will let me help you carry them home."

The purchase was made; and the merchant walked along, conversing with his little conductor, who soon lost her timidity.

Arrived at the little girl's home, he found that he had not been deceived in his presentiments. It was the same room that he had seen pictured in the mirror. The sick man was tossing uneasily in bed when Alice entered.

"See, papa," said she joyfully; "see what nice oranges I have for you; and here is the kind gentleman who gave them to me."

The merchant, before he left the humble apartment, gave its occupants a timely donation, and made New Year's Day a day of thanksgiving.

He then went to see his friend, Mark Audley, and relieved his necessities as best he could.

Mr. Hathaway next took his way to the store. Arriving there, he sought out Frank Durell, and requested him to step into his office, as he wished to speak to him in private.

"Your salary is five hundred dollars a year. I believe," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Frank Durell, somewhat surprised.

"I have come to the conclusion that this is insufficient, and I shall therefore advance it two hundred dollars, and as a part may not be unacceptable to you now, here are a hundred dollars that you may consider an advance."

"Sir," said Frank Durell, hardly believing his senses, "you cannot estimate the benefit I shall derive from this generosity. My mother, who depends upon me for support, was about to be deprived of her furniture by an extortionate creditor; but this timely gift—for I must consider it so—will remove this terrible necessity. I thank you, sir, from my heart."

"You are quite welcome," said the merchant, kindly. "In future consider me your friend; and, if you should at any time be in want of advice or assistance, do not scruple to confide in me."

"At least," said the merchant, thoughtfully, "I have done something to make this a 'Happy New Year' for others. The lesson conveyed in the dream of last night shall not be thrown away upon me. I will take care that many hearts shall have cause to bless the vision of The Veiled Mirror."

No more kisses will be thrown to the winds as the trains trundle along the eastern division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. Superintendent Hill has issued an order prohibiting brakemen on the trains from flirting with young women along the line of the road. It is said the order was issued on the complaint of an Orange county farmer, who sent the Superintendent a letter alleging that the brakemen throw kisses to his pretty daughter.

Supervisor I. H. Cogswell, of Greenwood Mich., was administrator of an estate, and, being called upon to render an account of his trust, set fire to his house, which he had drenched with kerosene, and burned himself to death, together with the papers connected with his business affairs. He tried to persuade his wife to remain in the burning building, and when she escaped he followed her out to urge her to go back and die with him. She refused, and Cogswell flinging her some money stepped back into the house.

Cholera has again made its appearance in the Government of Smolensk, Russia. The terrible epidemic, diphtheria, continues its ravages in Bessarabia, where a rescript of the Governor is published, ordering a universal fumigation of the dwellings and the clothing of the peasantry. The rescript states that the epidemic has now been raging seven years, carrying to the grave, in some districts, almost all of the rising generation.

It is said to be quite the custom in Dublin for pawnbrokers to receive from washerwomen on pledge clothes belonging to respectable families, which they have received to be washed. The articles are usually pawned early in the week, and released in time to be sent home.

Scientific and Useful.

MEAD.—Mead proper consists of a slightly fermented solution of honey in water. The mead sold at soda water fountains commonly consists of glucose (starch sugar) with a little cane sugar, boiled rice or starch water, and traces of various fruit juices.

PRIVATE SEWERS.—Private sewers should never be made with brick, for not only is there always certain danger of leakage, both of fluids and gaseous contents, but they can be eaten into and through by rats, who thus not only carry the sewer soil into the houses, but their runs form convenient exits for sewer gas.

AIR FOR BLASTING.—A proposal to use compressed air instead of gunpowder for blasting in mines has been brought forward in England. The plan is to employ air at a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. Its probable success is indicated by the result of some tests recently made in some of the collieries.

TURPENTINE.—A scientist has noted the effects of inhalation of spirits of turpentine on men and the lower animals. In the former there were produced headache, giddiness, irritability, pricking and tearfulness in the eyes, weakness of sight, irritations of pharynx and larynx, vomiting, etc. Habit enables men to bear the vapors longer. Animals which died from the acute poisoning by the vapor in confined space showed congestion, and free drops of the condensed spirit in the blood.

THE COLOR OF THE FACE.—It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all the diversities of complexion in the human race. A few cases may show that such cannot be the case. Thus the negroes of Van Dieman's Land, who are among the blackest people on the earth, live in a climate as cold as that of Iceland, while the Indo Chinese natives, who live in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. Humboldt says the American tribes of the equinoctial region have no darker skin than the mountaineers of the temperate zone.

TAILED MEN.—The custom of a tribe in New Guinea, has suggested the probable origin of the rumors which have been always current of a race of tailed men in some remote corner of the globe. These men wear artificial tails of such cunning construction as to entirely mislead a casual observer, and they wear nothing except this caudal ornament, which is a plait of grass fastened round their loins by a fine string so as to hang behind to about half way down their legs. Possibly the missing link that has baffled Darwin has only lately become extinct in New Guinea and these descendants, ashamed of their degeneracy, keep up the tradition of a noble ancestry by simulating their distinguishing characteristic.

NEW PROCESS FOR ELECTROTYPING.—A new and ingenious process has lately been introduced into France for electrotyping non-conducting materials, such as china, porcelain, etc. Sulphur is dissolved in oil of lavender spike to a syrupy consistence; then chloride of gold or chloride of platinum is dissolved in sulphuric ether, and the two solutions mixed under a gentle heat. The compound is next evaporated unto the thickness of ordinary paint, in which condition it is applied with a brush to such portions of the china, glass, or other fabric as it is desired to cover, according to the design or pattern, with the electro-metallic deposit. The objects are baked in the usual way before they are immersed in the bath.

Farm and Garden.

FARMERS' CLUBS.—New England has over 230 farmers' clubs, with 72,000 active members, and library books to the number of 21,000. In the United States there are nearly 2,000 agricultural societies, with 58,000 volumes in their libraries, and with access to 300 different agricultural publications, all exerting a direct influence on the intelligence and future prospects of the tillers of the soil.

TOMATOES.—To raise good tomatoes, says an excellent authority, take away a wheelbarrow of earth from where each vine is to stand, fill with half soil and half coal ashes, and therein set out the plant. Plants thus treated will bring out nearly double the fruit of others, and much smoother and larger. In this soil, though in case of drouth the plants require water sooner, and more of it, than those growing in common soil.

FACTS.—Patent tube cow milkers are pronounced a humbug by English dairymen. They not only lessen the yield of milk, but in some cases have actually spoiled the cows. The manure of cows and pigs resists decomposition for a longer time than that of the sheep and horse—both the latter being dryer than the former, and decomposing more readily in the soil. The crow destroys more grasshoppers than any other bird. He must, therefore, be one of those blessings in disguise we hear so much of.

LINSEED FOR COWS.—A writer in the *Landwirth* recommends the administration of a few handfuls of boiled linseed in their drink to down calving cows for three or four weeks, as greatly facilitating the process of parturition. In a practice of over thirty years he has always found it to act beneficially, besides which it influences the milk secretion advantageously, does good service to cases of inflammation and constipation, and forms a simple and never-failing remedy in retention of after-birth.

HOGS.—One hog, kept to the age of one year, if furnished with suitable material, will convert a cart load a month into a fertilizer which will produce a good crop of corn. Twelve loads per year, multiplied by the number of hogs usually kept by our farmers, would make sufficient fertilizing substance to grow the corn used by them; or, in other words, the hog would pay in manure the cost of his keeping. In this way we can afford to make pork at the present low prices, but in no other way can it be done without loss.

THE VALUE OF TURNIPS.—A Connecticut farmer estimates the value of turnips (the flat English turnip in his case) as a food for milch cows, at twenty five cents per bushel. He arrived at these figures by noting the diminished yield consequent upon leaving off the feed of turnips. The roots did not save the hay, as quite as much was consumed with as without them, but the turnips, as also shown by European experiments, were an aid to the digestion of the hay and similar fodder. Succulent roots of any kind make up for other deficiencies of hay and grain, and render the whole ration more like the natural summer food, keeping the digesting apparatus healthy and active, and a relish to the drier food.

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FIFTY NINTH YEAR.

WITH this number THE POST begins its fifty ninth volume, and starts on the course of another year with heartiest greetings and best wishes to all its readers and friends.

For what it intends doing the coming season it can only point to the past. For more than half a century THE POST has been a welcome visitor in thousands of the best homes of the land, and it will be the constant object and aim of the management to have it remain so. As it has heretofore only published that which, while conveying instruction with amusement, poisoned neither the morals nor the mind, so in the future shall its pages be uncontaminated with anything that the most fastidious cannot approve and commend.

It is our belief that light literature can be made highly entertaining without being sensational, and profitable without being heavy; and the conduct of THE POST will, so far as is possible, be marked by these principles and rules.

During the coming year we have made arrangements to publish some of the very finest serials, short stories, sketches, poetry, biography, history, departmental and miscellaneous matter, which has yet graced our columns. All will be of the freshest and best procurable, our constant aim being to support the high literary character the paper has ever maintained for purity, interest and value of contents.

While thus giving assurance that its former spirit of energy and taste will still characterize THE POST, we take this opportunity of thanking our patrons and readers for their courteous appreciation of our labors, and hope that the old bond of mutual interest may long exist between us. Encouraged by their kindly countenance and generous efforts in our behalf, there is a certainty that we will continue to make THE POST what it has always been acknowledged—"the leading family paper of America."

NO. 1—VOLUME 59.

In this number, the first of our new volume, we begin the publication of a thrilling serial by the author of "Weaker than a Woman," "Lord Lynne's Choice," etc., entitled:

"TRIED FOR LIFE;
OR,
A GOLDEN DAWN."

It is not too much to say that this magnificent story is one of the very best that has ever appeared in the columns of THE POST, and fully equals in absorbing interest the finest written by its talented authoress. It has all the charm and beauty that so distinguished "Weaker than a Woman," "From Gloom to Sunlight," etc., and our readers in its perusal have in store one of the most entertaining literary treats of the season.

WHAT we most desire to meet in others we must cultivate in ourselves. If we long for sympathy and affection, let us be ourselves quick to feel for others, and ready to open a loving heart and a helping hand. If we would be treated with courtesy, let us ourselves be courteous. If we would be honorably and justly dealt with, let us nourish the principles of justice and honor in our own bosoms. If we prize cheerfulness and good temper in others, let us be enlivening and inspiring in our intercourse with them. As surely as the seed that we drop into the ground will bloom forth into leaf, flower, and fruit, according to its individual nature, so surely will the qualities of mind and heart that we cherish in ourselves be reproduced in others, and return back to comfort or to afflict us. When we remember that not only are we thus sowing seeds of happiness or misery for ourselves, but also moulding the lives and characters of others with an impress that can never be effaced, surely no motive can be wanting for the noblest endeavors at self-improvement.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A TRAIN skirt of pink and green satin, with pipings and headings of blue satin, is the last thing that Pingat, a Parisian fashion autocrat, calls an inspiration.

THE American passion for invention shows no sign of decay, but, on the contrary, more than keeps pace with the growth of the country. The application for patents now number over twenty thousand a year, of which about two thirds are granted, against only six or seven thousand applications twenty years ago.

THE lawn tennis season is at its height, and all kinds of vagaries of taste are displayed by its fashionable patrons in costume and tennis festivities. An invitation to one is a card on which is a large lily sketched in pen and ink out of which appears a little laughing child's head and arms. Each hand has a racquet in it, and over its head, on a ribbon which comes from the racquet, is written, "tea and tennis." Underneath on the card is written the lady's name and residence, and "at home."

AN old lady, an inveterate snuff-taker, left a will in which the bequests were mainly dependent on the observance of certain rules connected with her favorite excitant. Snuff was to be thrown into the coffin before the snuff-taking testatrix was "screwed down;" snuff was to be strewn on the threshold before the funeral cortege passed out; the coffin to be borne by six of the most determined snuff takers in the parish; six old maids as pall bearers, with well filled snuff boxes in their hands; snuff to be strewn on the ground at every twenty yards, in advance of the hearse; and the officiating clergyman's large retaining fee to be in some way proportionate to the quantity of snuff he took during the ceremony.

DR. SCHMIDT, of the New Orleans Charity Hospital, has had numerous opportunities for investigating the nature of the yellow fever poison. He takes a decided stand against the germ theory, claiming it to be a disease depending, like small pox, scarlet fever, and measles, upon a specific poison of animal origin, a product of the diseased human organism itself. The fact that in the case of putrefaction the poison increases in intensity with each individual through whom it passes, explains the fatality of the disease, which increases as the epidemic advances. The prevention of the disease involves the interesting question of quarantine, and the perfect isolation of the first cases would appear to be the most important sanitary measure.

FOR some long time past interesting experiments have been made at Sermaize-les-Bains, France, in the use of electricity as a motive power, and recently an important trial of plowing by electricity was accomplished in presence of various officials. The trial resulted in a complete success. One of Howard's double furrow plows were used. The plough worked steadily and completely to the satisfaction of all present. The motion is conveyed to a drum from the electric machine and thence by a coil of wire to the plow. There was no stoppage of any kind, but the plow did its work steadily—about eight inches deep. The inventor is an M. Felix, owner of a large sugar manufactory at Sermaize les Bains. It may be many years before this can be brought into profitable practical use, but if it can, what a revolution it will accomplish. If motive power can be utilized from electricity for one thing, why not for another? M. Peronne, of Sermaize-les Bains, who is very sanguine of its ultimate accomplishment, says: 'It may be utilized in towns and places for industrial purposes—a powerful electrical machine may be constructed, and the power conveyed by wire to different industries at a moderate cost to those using it."

FOR the sake of young readers who wish to make their way in the world, we give the following from the recently published biography of the late Sir Joshua Wagmesley: "In 1807 young Joshua was rapidly mastering what advantages the school afforded, when the tidings reached him that his father was dead. It had been some time since the lad had seen him, but when they had been last together a circumstance occurred which, though trifling, was destined to have an influence on his whole life, and be in a manner the keynote of his future conduct. He writes: 'My father and I were walking down the Wavetree road together, when we entered an orchard where the trees were laden with fruit. Taking up a stone I threw it into a small ill grown tree, bearing some wretched crabs; but it brought nothing down. My father stooped, picked up the stone and threw it into another tree, the apples of which were very fine. Two or three fell at his feet. 'My lad,' he said to me, pointing to them, 'remember through life that an apple is as easily felled as a crab.' His simple words produced an impression upon me that was never forgotten."

THE origin of "corns" has been lately investigated by a sufferer with rather curious deductions, for he states: "I have been treated with great ridicule for asserting that they are dependent upon the digestion; but I have observed these things, and the ridiculers have not. With me, when I am in the best health they disappear, and only come or inconvenience me in proportion as I am careless. This I have ascertained over and over again. Of course they are made better or worse by different kinds of boots or shoes, but no kind of boot or shoe will bring them unless there is a tendency from improper living. Pressure would only affect as long as it lasted, but would cause no formation without some superfluity to work upon. The reason why corns shoot on the approach of rain is that the change of the atmosphere more or less deranges the digestion, which causes a throbbing sensation. I have made these remarks because the state of the feet is of so much importance to our comfort and activity, and because I think they are applicable to general management of ourselves and may be useful to those who are subject to gout, rheumatism, cramp and other diseases of the limbs."

A CORRESPONDENT from Newport says: Bellevue avenue is very gay at the hour of the fashionable drive, and there are some novel turnouts. Coaches have become so common that they cease to be startling, but nowhere do they show to better advantage than at Newport, with their loads of gayly dressed ladies, and this season's coaching parasol and hat surpass anything that we have ever seen here before. Natural flowers are worn in the street in profusion; great clusters of Jacqueminot and Marshal Neil roses at throat and belt, and in the hair. Flowers are so cheap this year that they are almost a drug in the market. The most superb roses sell for fifty cents a dozen—roses that wholesale for fifty cents apiece in the winter. At all the villas there are conservatories, and the humidity of the air there keeps all vegetation as sweet and fresh as after a summer shower. The prettiest of all the turnouts belongs to a little child, a daughter of C. N. Beach, of Hartford, and a niece of Mrs. Samuel Colt. It is a canopied willow phaeton, drawn by a minute and beautiful pony; the novelty is in the harness, which was brought from Naples, and is a showy affair of brass and silken tassels, and fur and feathers. It is extremely pretty, and attracts much attention, especially as the swinging brass ornaments give out a merry little click, click, as it goes by you.

IT has already been mentioned that the prevailing taste in colors subject the votaries of fashion to serious dangers; such is particularly the case with certain shades of gloves, stockings, etc., as arsenic enters largely into the composition of the dyes with which they are tinted. A new danger is now pointed out in the beautiful vermilion red so much *a la mode* this year in the flowers for ladies' bonnets. This color is derived from erythrosine, out of the latest and most curious extracts from coal tar. Erythrosine is inoffensive by itself, but the artificial flower makers do not use it in a state of purity. They find the practice more convenient to dip the leaves of their flowers in a semi fluid paste they purchase ready prepared, but the composition of which is kept secret. When those leaves have dried they give off during the subsequent manipulations a cloud of very light red dust, which produces on the persons engaged in the operation painful symptoms resembling those attendant upon lead poisoning. The fact cannot be too often repeated that lead is one of the most insidious and dangerous of metallic poisons, because it is employed in innumerable branches of trade and manufacture, so that it finds means to attack us in a multitude of unexpected ways, which frequently are only discovered by mere chance. Moreover, its effects, which are only produced very slowly, are far from being always sufficiently symptomatic to allow the cause to be readily determined.

IT is said that the Queen is beginning to wish to see her only remaining daughter unmarried—the Princess Beatrice, to wit—comfortably settled, and moreover, would rejoice in the idea of being able to enjoy her society as often as possible, and had accepted a proposition made by the Court of Berlin for an alliance with a member of the imperial family of Germany. This alliance—the favorite one of the Princess Imperial, the pet object of the Empress, the common sense view of the case of the Emperor Wilhelm, and the one which had already seemed the most feasible to Prince Bismarck—had suddenly collapsed and the Prussian clique had been suddenly and abruptly told that the Queen had other designs in view for the Princess Beatrice, and that in any case the Prussian proposal would require much careful consideration before being accepted in the hot haste with which the Princess Imperial had submitted it. The fact is that the Princess, who, like others of the royal family, has "a will of her own," did not favor the suggestion, or so at least rumor hath it. Meanwhile London gossips, ever on the watch, did not fail to observe a very singular and significant fact in the simultaneous vote of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in favor of legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. This was an enlightenment, a public manifestation of the feeling experienced by the royal family upon this momentous subject, and was evidently meant to prepare the public mind for a development of a novel, not to say extraordinary nature. When the Grand Duke of Hesse paid his recent mournful visit to Osborne, the Princess Beatrice was constituted the special guardian of the children. As was natural, a great attachment on both sides became the consequence of this gentle guardianship, and suddenly, say the gossips, no one can fully tell how, both the Queen and the Prince of Wales were struck with the idea of the perfect arrangement of all things which would result from the Princess Beatrice becoming stepmother to her deceased sister's children. The double vote, which took everyone by surprise the other day in the House of Lords, is thus accounted for by the gossips, and they are beginning to make their arrangements in anticipation of the event. Far more out of the way and "unthinkable" marriages have been contracted in royal circles than the realization of this gossip would be. The English public, one may well imagine, would approve of this—to put it in no other light—"prudent" way of overcoming a dilemma. It will be curious, however, if the gordian knot of the great marriage problem of the day should be thus royally cut. The Grand Duke of Hesse is in every sense deserving of the high respect and veneration in which he is held by the people whom he governs and by foreign Powers with whom he comes in contact. The Court of Darmstadt is conducted with almost patriarchal simplicity and that purity of manners which alone can command the love and confidence of the simple people the Duke is called upon to rule. The name of the Princess Alice will probably never be effaced from the memory of the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, and the place she has left vacant cannot be better filled than by her sister.

BROKEN IDOLS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

A white curl sits on the wave-crest,
When it breasteth the golden sand,
With a quietly tuneful, measured beat,
Flinging its treasures on land.

Singing as young mother singeth
To the babe on her bosom at rest,
That grand wave casteth its weeds ashore,
Then gathers them back to its breast.

With a wild and querulous longing
To retain them yet and for aye,
It is forced by an unseen influence
To scatter them high and dry.

So that which we hold the dearest
Is that which is vanishing fast
From our grasp, withdrawn by a Father's hand,
Lest we cling to it unto the last:

Lest our treasures, too, like the ocean's,
Draw our souls to the treacherous sand,
And receding again with the billows
We perish in sight of the land.

A Looker-on in Vienna.

BY A. B.

I may as well begin by saying that I never had a lover. Lovers are a good deal like measles. Some people catch them, some don't; a few die with them, but the greater part recover; while during the progress of the malady, neither the measles stricken nor the lover stricken invalids are fit company for non infected people. I say all this with authority, for I have never tried either complaint myself. I have seen a vast amount of both in others, and so ought to know.

In the second place, I wish to remark that I for one, did not want to go to Creektown. I never dreamt as I lay alternately reading and dozing that hot July afternoon, what a bomb shell was about to burst on my devoted head. My cousin Charlotte lay on the sofa opposite me. I thought alternately reading and dozing too; when suddenly her soft voice broke the dreamy stillness of the room.

"Nan," she said, without the slightest preamble, "how would you like to go to Creektown for a visit?"

I started up in my bed as if I had been shot, scaring out of his scanty wits the sleeping poodle at my feet, who leaped to the floor, and tremblingly sought protection under the bureau.

"Charlotte!" I gasped, "what are you dreaming about? Creektown, this weather," I tried to go on, but my heart failed me, and I lay down again.

"Aunt Lucy has invited us all for a month," said Charlotte sweetly, "and I thought you would especially enjoy the trip. She is so anxious to have you, and it is much cooler there than here."

I said nothing. I knew that it was the hottest little hole in the country. I could not believe Mrs. Arnott to be yearning so vehemently for my society. I hated to go as the guest of people I barely knew, and I was so comfortable where I was. Still I said nothing. What would have been the use? I felt sure from the peculiarly gentle manner in which Charlotte threw out the suggestion, as if having my pleasure alone in view, that she had made up her mind to go to Creektown, and that her mother and myself were destined to accompany her there, whether we would or not. My pretty cousin was one of those amiable sweet-tempered young women who always carry their point without any apparent effort, and whose gentle obstinacy is a power only to be recognised by its results. Accordingly, when she closed the discussion, by saying politely:

"Of course, Nan dear, it rests with you to decide; but I think you would like the change, and I wont answer the letter for a few days yet."

I knew that our fate was settled, and turned my face to the wall, with a faint groan of mingled disgust and resignation.

Need I add, that one week from that day, we were starting, Aunt Ellen, Charlotte, and myself, in the pouring rain for Creektown; so called, I believe, from its position at the junction of three small creeks, all with names alike unspellable, and unpronounceable, and a great deal longer than themselves.

Well, we started in the rain, we traveled dismally in the rain, and we enjoyed a torrent of rain for the first three days of our visit, so I had a good opportunity to become acquainted with our hosts, if not with the town itself. They were three in number: Mrs. Arnott, Mary, her only daughter, and her step son James. Mary was rather a pretty girl of about twenty, with bright eyes, turned up nose, freckled skin, and a clear high-pitched voice, somewhat loud, but pleasing in its merry cadence. I confess that I liked her at first sight much better than her half brother, who was at least fifteen years older, and undeniably handsome; but heavy, taciturn; and wofully uninteresting.

However, it must be acknowledged that three rainy days in the country are a severe test on any one's disposition, and I have no doubt we all showed at our worst, all, that is, except Charlotte, who was too even-tempered ever to have a worst, and whose unaltered placidity during those three days was very nearly as trying as the weather itself. I often watched her with curiosity. She could not be enjoying herself; that was out of the question, and yet she certainly seemed not only contented, but positively pleased and happy. It was a mystery, to which, so far, I had obtained no clue whatever.

On the evening of the third day, it cleared a little, and Charlotte said to me, as she put the finishing touches to her toilet; "I believe they are expecting Willie Dorset tomorrow."

It was very quietly spoken, and she looked the picture of indifference, but I fancied that a faint blush dyed the soft cream of her skin.

Instantly the truth flashed on me. We had been dragged against our will to this out of the-way little spot, which seemed capable of holding more rain than all the rest of the earth's surface, merely to give Charlotte a good opportunity to flirt uninterruptedly with Willie Dorset; not the first passage at arms between them by any means. Well it did seem rather hard perhaps on the non flirters; but at least it was something to have my mystery solved, and a sense of resignation stole gradually over me, as I reflected that at any rate, there were James and Mary Arnott to fall back upon for distraction.

The next day Willie Dorset arrived, bringing clear weather in his train, quite as a matter of course; for his bright face and joyous disposition seemed to carry sunshine with him, wherever he turned his careless step. He was young, and poor, and not especially brilliant; but that atmosphere of freshness and fun seemed so much a part of him, as Charlotte's placid sweetness was of her, and from the time he set his foot within the door, dulness vanished before his merry presence.

How pretty Charlotte looked too that afternoon, in her pale blue drapery, with blush roses in her hair and at her throat, as she languidly fanned herself in the scented air; while the heavy lashes drooped a little over the grey eyes, as if there were nothing in the world, her world at least, worth opening them wide for. No wonder, thought I, that the poor young fellow watches her furtively, even while talking briskly to the others, and the game has at last begun.

The next day in honor of the clear weather, we organized a fishing party. For the benefit of those not acquainted with the invariable routine of such expeditions, I will tell you how we went about it. First of all, we provided ourselves with fishing rods, line and tackle; then with bait enough to have overcome the conscientious scruples of all the fish in America; then with lunch enough to have lasted a caravan through the desert; then we set out.

The water lay some two miles distant, and by the time we had reached it, we needed a little refreshment and a long rest. That being over, we went about our fishing, according to our different dispositions. I took out a novel, and selecting a shady and moderately cool place, sat down to read; James dutifully arranged his line, and prepared for action, and Mr. Dorset prevailed upon Mary and Charlotte to go a little way up the stream, to "look for a better spot." My nook being tolerably comfortable, I read on for about an hour, before becoming aware that I was entirely alone, and likely to remain so for some time, except for the agreeable company afforded by the lunch-basket. I read a little, and eat a little, and dozed a little, and then James Arnott returned; bringing with him, as the result of several hour's hard labor, a small string of very diminutive fish, which he exhibited with an air of triumph rather out of proportions, I thought, to the extent of the spoils.

"I am sure," I said, "I hope the others will each bring more than that; for if they don't, I fail to see where my share and Aunt Ellen's, and your mother's are to come from."

"You don't deserve any share at all," said my companion, "sitting here in luxurious idleness, all morning. Is this the way you always fish?"

"Pretty much," I answered, "but here comes the stragglers, bringing I trust, enough for themselves and me too."

Here they come in truth, heated, tired, and draggled, seeming to have enjoyed themselves, however, but without,—actually without the first shadow of a fish. In vain. Willie Dorset tried to conceal the shameful fact, by an elaborate account of the spoils, caught without the least trouble, so he said, but unhappily lost with even less difficulty, while they were crossing the water on stepping-stones.

Nobody giving the smallest credence to this interesting piece of fiction, they were obliged ignominiously to confess that they had not even cast a line. Instead of being ashamed of themselves, however, they were in the highest possible spirits, and treated poor James' modest string of fish, with as much scorn as if they had succeeded in catching a score of whales.

We lunched in great comfort, and then went home, feeling vaguely like laborers, returning from honest toil, and prepared to accept our dinner as well earned by the exertions of the day. Mrs. Arnott indeed, seemed to have some doubts on the subject, as she surveyed the results of our expedition; but she kindly kept them to herself, and forbore to hurt our feelings, by hinting at what she evidently thought.

That night I saw Charlotte take from her throat the flowers she had worn during the evening, where obtained, I do not know, and put them carefully away, instead of tossing them into the darkness outside; and I thought to myself sleepily, as I took down my hair, "in spite of Miss Mary's presence this morning, I fancy the game has progressed one stage. Well, it will afford some slight amusement to watch it to the end."

After this the days glided by easily enough. We never tried fishing again, feeling convinced that our talents did not lie that way; but we rode and drove, and boated and walked; and I filled up my space time with speculations as to whether Mr. Dorset would have the audacity to bring things to a crisis, by proposing openly for the hand of Charlotte, whose position as only daughter, backed her pretty face, with more substantial attraction. They were certainly a great deal together, but naturally Mary Arnott often made the third in their rambles; and sometimes even James would volunteer his company; though having arrived at that time of life when common sense begins to assert its sway, he seemed to think with myself that the best thing to do in July weather, is to stay at home, and devote all your energies to keeping moderately cool.

"Nan," said Charlotte rather maliciously, one morning, "Cousin James."—he was not really her cousin, but she always spoke of him as such—"Cousin James and you are the two laziest people I ever met. You do nothing but poke at home all the time. It must be that you find each other's company very agreeable!"

"Hardly as fascinating as you seem to find Willie Dorset's," I replied quite calmly.

She colored slightly, and said:

"Don't be a goose, Nan," she said, "if Mr. Dorset was as lazy as James, Mary and I would be compelled to roam the country without any protector at all. He must be awfully tired of us sometimes I fancy," she added demurely.

"Don't be a goose, Charlotte," I retorted in turn. "That infatuated young man would be only too happy to roam the forest primeval, if it could be done in such company."

"Well then," she said defiantly, "I will alter my phrase. He must sometimes be dreadfully tired—of one of us anyway," and she flew off before I could say another word.

Poor Mary! it did seem rather hard to be always obliged to make the third in the crowd of three; but at least it never appeared to trouble her at all, or to dampen the gaiety of her spirits. As for Mr. Arnott, though I had grown to like him very well, I could scarcely be said to find his company "very agreeable," whatever he might find mine. I don't think I am very difficult to please; but nevertheless, a man who never talks and seldom listens, does not quite come up to my even standard of vast agreeability. However I have no doubt he did his best, and he was always courteous and kind to me, and to Charlotte, and to his sister. Only to Willie Dorset he appeared to have taken a vague and unaccountable dislike, manifesting itself in stiffness at all times, and now and then in a dry irritability, falling harmless on the other's easy good temper, yet spoilt in some degree, the social gaiety of the party.

I think to do him justice, that he tried to overcome this feeling; but I know that he never fully succeeded, and often Mary and I would glance at each other in supreme discomfort at his positive incivility. Only Charlotte never noticed it, or if she did, feigned complete unconsciousness, and steered her gentle way between the two in safety; softening the one, and diverting the others careless mind, with a quiet tact that never failed of its purpose.

One night when our visit was drawing to an end, we all sat together on the porch, under the hanging clusters of honeysuckle; Mary down on the steps, playing with the dog, Mr. Dorset and Charlotte a little way off by themselves, and James and I nearer to the door, as behooved those who wisely preferred not to risk the night dews, hanging heavy on every branch above us. Our conversation had flagged. I was getting rather sleepy, and thought Mr. Arnott particularly stupid, not to say cross; as I sat watching the moon struggling to free herself from the little shining white clouds that clung around her.

One minute, the porch would be black with shadows, the next flooded with clear light.

Leaning back in her low chair, Charlotte sat almost motionless, fair and delicate in the shifting moon-beams; languid, yet with a subtle consciousness about every fold of her white dress. Commend me always to a passive flirt! Willie Dorset leaning over her in his boyish manner, played with the drooping vines; drawing them sometimes above the dainty head till they shed their tiny dew-drops down on her like rain. They spoke in low tones, not loud enough to be heard where we sat. James Arnott fidgeted in his chair, and as I felt rather than saw, how black his face was getting, a spirit of mischief took possession of me.

"A pretty picture in the moonlight," I softly suggested.

"He is an imprudent boy," muttered my companion.

"He is a very handsome one," I said; "but you are too hard to please this evening, not to admire youth and beauty, and moonbeams and honeysuckle, all combined to form such a charming effect."

As I spoke, the moon flashed out for one brief minute, and we saw Willie Dorset coolly detach a bunch of roses she wore in her belt. Charlotte permitted him in languid indifference. She said a few low words.

He laughed and put the flowers to his lips, and James Arnott with an expression I did not catch, rose to his feet, upsetting in his hasty action, his chair, which tumbled to the ground with a crash.

Mary jumped up, dropping her dog, and Willie Dorset turned quickly towards him. Charlotte alone remained completely unmoved.

"I think it must be bed time," she said; gathering up her dress, and yawning slightly. "I for one, am growing sleepy in the moonlight. Good night, Cousin James," and she touched his shoulder with her little hand, as she swept quietly by.

The next day about noon, I became dimly aware that something unusual was happening. Mary had disappeared, James was not visible, and even Mr. Dorset and Charlotte had contrived to make themselves uncommonly scarce. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of Charlotte's blue dress under the trees, and even fancied I could discern the fact of some one being with her; but she vanished, and I saw no one but the two older ladies, until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then as I sat in my room quietly reading, my cousin stole softly in, and threw herself on the floor at my feet, without saying a single word. I gave one look at her flushed face and shining eyes, and knew all.

"Charlotte!" I exclaimed hastily, "you don't mean to say——"

"Nan! but I do mean to say," she interrupted gaily.

"That you really have consented," I went on blindly.

"That I really have consented," she answered composedly.

A short pause.—"I am sure my dear," I ventured at last, "that I wish you a whole life full of happiness; but what will your mother say?"

"That she is delighted, and that the dearest wish of her heart is at last gratified," was the prompt reply.

Now I could not bring myself to believe that it was the dearest wish of Aunt Ellen's highly practical heart, that her daughter should engage herself to a mere boy without the faintest prospect of supporting her; but as I did not like to mar Charlotte's easy confidence, I said nothing.

My cousin waited a few minutes and then exclaimed impatiently, "Nan, don't look so darkly mysterious if you please! Why don't you think my mother will be delighted?"

"Only because he is rather young and without any immediate prospects," I gently hinted, "and she may not approve of long engagements. There is no doubt about his being handsome, and bright, and nice, and good company, and everything in fact, that is desirable except rich."

"Handsome, and bright, and very young, and not rich," repeated Charlotte after me, slowly, and with a puzzled air; "pray Nan, what do you consider rich?"

"Any man is rich enough to marry, who can support a wife," I answered tersely; "is Mr. Dorset able to do that?"

Charlotte's bewildered look deepened, then suddenly gave place to a merry laugh.

"Nan," she said with gay maliciousness, "you are wisdom personified. I am sure I don't know what Mr. Dorset's income is, but I will take the first opportunity of asking him for your sake. And now kiss me, and tell me you think I am making a wise choice, and that my future husband is the best and most perfect man you can find in the world."

I obeyed dutifully, but before I could add another word, she was gone, and I concluded to dress for dinner, and go down stairs to see if anyone else knew the secret just confided to me.

As I reached the hall, I saw James Arnott standing at the porch door with his back towards me. Feeling sure without knowing why, that if he had heard the news, he would be very cross and disagreeable, I turned to avoid him, but it was too late. He had heard my steps on the stairs, and came forward to meet me.

"Has Charlotte been telling you her secret?" he said smilingly.

I stopped in amazement. The man looked positively radiant. If he had been the accepted suitor himself he could not have appeared more delighted; and growing more bewildered, I intimated that "the secret" had been imparted to me a few minutes before.

"Well," he said, actually with a laugh, "what do you think about it?"

I heaved a little sigh of relief. Here was some one at last, who would, I felt sure, appreciate the practical bearings of the case. "I think they are well matched in many respects," I said; "and it has been evident for some time how matters must end. Only Charlotte does not seem to understand the likelihood of her receiving any opposition."

"And why should she receive any?" asked my companion gravely.

I looked at him in some disgust. Had he too gone suddenly blind, or was he, at his time of life, still profoundly sentimental. "There are two things to be objected to," I replied somewhat pettishly; "the bridegroom's want of means, and his age."

If Mr. Arnott had looked grave before, he was as black as midnight now. Evidently he was sentimental.

"You are rather severe," he said stiffly after a pause; "may I ask how you are so certain on these points?"

"They are not so difficult to ascertain," I answered lightly; "and Charlotte has always been accustomed to a luxurious life, and she is"—I was going to say "older than her intended husband;" but I stopped short, felling how ill-natured it would be.

"Is what?" queried my companion.

"She is very young," I answered shortly, with a view to making her amends for what I had almost said; but Mr. Arnott turned from me without saying another word, and the dinner bell ringing, the rest of the family assembled on the spot.

The dinner was rather an awkward one. James still looked black. Mrs. Arnott and Aunt Ellen mysterious, Mary and Charlotte appeared to be secretly amused at something, and only the happy suitor himself eat his meal in perfect unconcern. At the desert, when we were left alone, Mrs. Arnott glanced down the table for an instant, then laughed and said, "what is the use of trying to keep a secret that everybody knows, and all pretending that we don't know. Charlotte and James, we drink to your great happiness and long life."

Charlotte and James! I gasped, I grew burning hot. I thought in my frenzy of sliding under the table to hide my glowing face, and only a glance at Charlotte nerved me to bear my confusion. A wicked light sparkled in her dark eyes, and just a shadow of a smile lurked around the corners of her pretty mouth. She was enjoying it all, and I was determined to curtail her pleasure, so with a great effort at unconcern, I raised my glass to my lips, and did my best to force a faint and sickly smile.

I don't know how I got through the rest of the dinner; but as soon as it was over, I stole out on the porch to try and think of the best way to explain matters to Mr. Arnott. In an instant a pair of young arms were thrown around me, and a soft cheek pressed to mine.

"Nan! Nan!" Charlotte entreated, "don't look so dreadfully angry, please! You were so positive that I could not bear to undeceive you; but Willie Dorset has been in love with Cousin Mary for the last two years, and expects to marry her some time in the next twenty, if nothing happens in the meanwhile to prevent. What could you have supposed I wanted with the youngest clerk in a very dubious banking-house? Now don't be revengeful Nan, but make amends for your stupidity in thinking such a thing, by saying that you forgive me entirely;" and I said it of course, and sealed the pardon with a kiss.

A Bridegroom's Dress.—A correspondent asks why the dress of a bridegroom should not be described as well as the trousseau of the bride, and then gives an example of his idea, as follows: He wore a coat of dark material, opening in front, with collar rolled back, terminating in lappels on either side, and with skirt bisected. This was worn over waistcoat of same material, cut low in front, the folds gracefully caught up behind with a steel buckle. Beneath was Wamsutta, with bosom of plain linen, white as the driven snow, and terminating upwardly in a detachable collor en aspirant; lower garment also detachable, of doeskin cassimere, dark as the driven soot, and terminating downward in two perpendicular cylindrical sections seamed on the inner side from the bottom of which emerged a foot; shoes of black leather, quantum suf; hair parted on one side; ears to correspond, one on either side; ornaments—studs, a white necktie and smile worn plain.

Mrs. Minta Barnard Hoffman of St. Louis aged thirty, married an old grocer because he was reputed wealthy, and could support her in the necessaries of life while she worked for a niche in the temple of fame. In 1877 she published a volume of verse and other things that showed her to be clever in the literary line. But recently her husband lost money and health, and she was forced to abandon her idea of becoming "a second Alice Carey," and to work in the grocery for her husband's support. In despair she took morphine and died.

Eugenie has received two letters from the Prince written two days before his death.

The Second Wife.

BY E. A. W.

WHAT! her dowry ten thousand, and her age under eighteen! You are a lucky dog, Hewett! Of course, it's a love match?"

"I flatter myself, yes, on the lady's part, at least," and the speaker, a tall, rather handsome man drew himself up superciliously; "though, in fact, it is a family arrangement."

"How is that?"

"Why you see, Colonel Harding was my father's General Hewett's, greatest chum. When dying, he left me and my future to the former's guardianship; a trust he saw no better nor more friendly way of carrying out than by an engagement between myself and his daughter Kate—the sole inheritor of a rich aunt's wealth."

"Some people fall into pleasant places, certainly! When is it to be?"

"In a month, I fancy, since the Colonel has been such a dotard as to take home a second wife, he would rather his daughter's room than her company."

"Possibly. Deuced pretty woman, Mrs. Harding—eh? Very sparkling, self-willed, and fast, I'm sure! Ta, ta! Remember, I am booked for the Benedict ceremony."

The two gentlemen between whom the above conversation passed on the steps of a West End club, now parted—the one addressed as Hewett, known among his less familiars as Captain Hewett, proceeding to go by train to Colonel Harding's villa, at Richmond.

Arriving there, in due course, he was speedily introduced to Kate and Mrs. Harding; after exchanging greetings with whom, he was summoned to see the Colonel in the library. The ladies were surprised at the haste displayed, and could not refrain from remarking on the subject.

"Whatever is that for?" Kate remarked, when the officer had gone.

"To sign your marriage settlements," smiled Mrs. Harding.

"Nonsense! By the way, mamma, do you not think papa has looked altered lately?"

"For many days, Kate. I fear something is wrong."

"Then I fancy he might confide it to you instead of the captain."

"True!" Mrs. Harding's lips perceptibly contracted; then she added, "Kate, I forgot to tell my maid about the trimmings for my dress next Friday. Would you mind doing so?"

Rising, the young girl went on her mission, when the other's entire manner changed. Her expression became grave, perplexed. She cast aside her work, and leaned her head on her hand.

"Can my husband possibly suspect?" she murmured. "There is a change in him! Kate sees it, too! Then there must be a cause! Can he have found us out? If so, everything is ruined—ruined!" She paused: then added, "I must be certain—I will!"

Hurriedly throwing a shawl of Kate's, that laid on a sofa near, about her, she passed through the open glass door into the flower garden.

Going to the side of the villa, cautiously she crept through a shubbery of lilacs and syringas until she came within sight and hearing of the two in the library, the window of which was open.

Captain Hewett was leaning back in a chair, the Colonel, a handsome, elderly, military looking man, sat by the table, his brows contracted, his features expressive of pain and anger blended. He had evidently been speaking vehemently, and exclaimed, as the listener came within range, "I wouldn't have believed it of her! Of all women, I would have staked my life on the fidelity of Constance! When you hinted that you had seen a fellow lounging about the villa, I thought nothing of it; but Jackson, the under-gardener, declares that it is true."

The listener became livid with rage. Her suspicions were well founded.

"What do you intend doing?" asked Hewett.

"That is my perplexity. To accuse her on the word of an under-gardener seems preposterous," and the Colonel uneasily drummed the table with his fingers.

"Something must be done," he said, "or I shall go mad. I can't support this terrible suspicion, for—I don't mind confessing it to you, George, who so soon will be my son—I love Constance devotedly. What was that? Why, the window is open. Shut it; we want no eavesdroppers."

Captain Hewett complied, but, before closing it, leant forth and looked around.

"If my fine lady would only commit herself," he thought, "Kate would inherit the Colonel's wealth. It is nothing," he said aloud, resuming his seat.

Trembling at her narrow escape, Mrs. Harding hastened from the shubbery. Just as she emerged, she ran violently against a man.

"Robert! Tell me, what are you doing here?"

"Ten thousand pardons! I thought ——"

"Never mind what you thought. Why are you here? Quick, go to the side door. If in five minutes I call you, come;—if not, go away."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"How good you are!" he said. "I only came to say I have prepared everything for our flight on Friday."

"Hush!" she answered, as she flew from him.

* * * * *

It was the morning of the eventful Friday that Colonel Harding entered Captain Hewett's apartments at Richmond.

"George," he exclaimed, "no man ever was in greater perplexity than I. For the last month I have been engaged to the Dunderbulls to dinner to day. This morning Constance declares—looking well and hearty—herself too ill to attend, but urges me to go."

"I'll tell you what, Colonel. If you refuse, you may only raise her suspicion. You had better, therefore, go, and I'll watch for you. Perhaps this time something may be discovered."

"I was thinking," began the Colonel, doubtfully, "whether it would not be best to ask Constance right down the truth?"

"Absurd! If a woman will stoop to deceive a husband, she would not hesitate at a falsehood."

"That is true. Well, George, let it be as you say."

The Colonel went to the dinner, and the gentlemen had long been left to their wine, when a footman whispered to the officer that he was wanted. Making an excuse, he withdrew, and found the Captain in the hall.

"Come home," said the latter; "I must speak to you at once."

The Colonel, growing pale, followed him into the road.

"What is it?"

"Bear it like a man, Colonel," returned the other. "Your wife is unworthy your affections; she has fled with her lover. I saw them. They are now in the train going to the city."

"Oh, Constance—Constance!" he groaned, "why have you brought this disgrace upon me?"

And he grasped the hedge, to save him from falling. Recovering himself, his mood changed.

"George!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "Come, we will follow them. The villain shall answer for the wrong he has done me; but tell me all about it."

The Captain stated that a cab had passed him on the road to the villa. In it he had recognised a strange gentleman and Mrs. Harding. He pursued, but only reached the railway station in time to see them leap into the train.

The true statement was this: Captain Hewett had seen a cab waiting near the villa. Concealing himself, he had perceived a gentleman, escorting a lady thickly veiled and cloaked, come through the break in the hedge, hurriedly cross the intervening field, enter the cab, and drive off, after giving the direction.

Had he put his hand out, he could have stayed them. But that was not his plan. Let us go beyond recall and forgiveness, that was what he thought.

Hurrying straight to his dressing-room, the Colonel secured his pistols.

"I have never used them against a fellow-being before," he exclaimed, very stern and determined, "but a bullet shall reach his heart or mine. One shall not leave the field."

"Why, goodness gracious, my love, how early you are back! I hope nothing is wrong!" exclaimed a pleasant voice.

Both gentlemen swung round on their heels, with an ejaculation of surprise, for there in the doorway, looking charming in her evening dress, was standing Mrs. Harding.

"You here, Constance!"

"Here! Why, where should I be, my dear?"

The Colonel looked at the Captain, and *vice versa*.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked the lady; "and—gracious, Edmund, love!—what are you going to do with those pistols?"

"I—I was going," blurted out the Colonel, half angrily, "to take with them the life of your lover, Constance!"

"My lover! Surely, darling, you never contemplated suicide!"

"Suicide! Constance, can you look me in the face and say you have no other one than I?"

"Yes—there, sir! But can you look in mine, and say you ever were cruel enough to suspect me of such a sin?"

The Colonel s dropped instantly.

"You have!" she went on. "Pray, on what grounds?"

"That of a man having been seen to enter your room, admitted by you, and—in—in—your supposed flight this night in a fly with him."

Mrs. Harding burst into a peal of laughter.

"Why, Edmund, that was Kate's lover!" she cried.

"Kate's!" both gentlemen repeated.

"No less. Do not blame the poor girl, for you yourself have driven her to this step,—asking Captain Hewett's pardon for speaking out," said the lady, with a malicious twinkle. "Because you loved his father, you ordered your daughter to accept the General's son. She—her heart secretly bestowed elsewhere—said 'Nay;' you said 'Aye.' When I became your wife, Kate made me her confidante. I planned—yes, it was wicked—I planned her elopement with Robert Kenway, the man she loves. I see how all this has happened; this gentleman watched here while you went to dine. Charming! He waited and spied to see his own property stolen! Captain Hewett, I compliment you! Now, gentlemen, I will leave you to yourselves."

She quitted the room as she spoke, very haughtily, and retired to her own, apparently the most injured party.

A brief space after, the Colonel came in.

"Constance," he said, "you have done very wrong."

"Sir, how have you acted, in suspecting a wife who was foolish enough to love you?" she answered, proudly.

"Do you love me, Constance?"

"Better than—than—all—the world!" was the answer, given between a sudden burst of sobs.

A woman's tears were the only enemies which had ever beaten the Colonel. He caught his pretty wife in his arms, and cried, "Constance, forgive me, and let us say no more about it."

"And Kate?" she sobbed.

"I'll pardon her, for your sake."

"You dear, dear Edmund! There! That kiss is for a reward!"

And that is how Captain Hewett was checkmated by Colonel's Harding second wife.

EASTERN PAGEANTRY.

THE remains of the late Emperor of China, and the late Empress, have been conveyed to their final resting place at the Eastern Tombs, Pekin. A correspondent saw the procession pass by peeping through a hole about the size of a half crown cut in a curtain, no foreigner being permitted to witness the proceedings. He says: "When I first arrived a long string of slovenly loooking baggage-wagons were jolting heavily along the road. They came trailing after one another in most admired disorder; now two together, now two or three in a line, and now a long break, after which a solitary cart would drag itself into view. Meanwhile, a coolie stood in the road and busied himself, as best he might, in keeping the thoroughfare in order. Ever and anon a horseman in a long and flowing red robe and yellow tufted cap would pass across the field of vision, riding an ill-groomed pony. These men form the Guard of State; and had they ridden in a compact phalanx they would have presented a handsome and striking appearance. But there was no attempt at riding in ranks. Soon there appeared a group of Manchu archers, armed with huge bows and well-filled quivers. But there is no uniformity of color in their dress, any more than order in their mode of progress. One man would be dressed in brown and purple; another in blue handsomely embroidered; a third, perhaps, in brilliant silver gray, looking from a distance almost white; and they all trotted or cantered or straggled along, according to the pace each man preferred. Then came another detachment of the Guard of State; and then a heterogeneous collection of mandarins, gorgeous in every variety of tint and button and peacock's feather, ambling martially along on their scraggy, ill kept ponies.

At last the appearance every now and then of yellow coverings and bandages announced the near approach of the imperial party. Suddenly it burst into view. First came a brilliant staff of princes, nobles, and high officers of state, resplendent in yellow silk tunics, scarlet girdles, and gleaming silks, riding gayly along and forming a guard of honor to the three imperial chairs. The order of procession from this point was as follows: The Emperor, borne by eight coolies. Her Imperial Majesty, commonly called the Empress Dowager; her Imperial Majesty, Empress of the West commonly called the Empress Mother; the Princes and Princesses of the imperial family, riding in yellow wooden carts; retainers, lictors, apparitors, soldiers, etc.

The Empresses sat bolt upright, looking straight before them. They are middle-aged, well-preserved women, with hard, stolid faces, and an expression which suggests the idea of cold rigidity of purpose. The principal features of the little Emperor's face are a somewhat projecting forehead and a pointed chin. It is a characteristic fact that no one under the rank of a prince of the blood is permitted to enjoy this alleviation. The 21st day of the moon—otherwise the 12th of April—was selected by the Astronomical Bureau as being particularly auspicious for the commencement of the journey. In plain fact, however, it was a fearful day—one of the very worst sort. There was a strong wind blowing, and the sand storm which arose was such as to make the whole atmosphere a lurid, reddish yellow.

The Earl of Ashburnham is to marry a young American lady.

WHY DON'T SHE TELL ME SO?

BY M. L. M.

'Tis now six weary months, or more,
Since first I came to woo
The one I ever shall adore,
My charming Cousin Lou.
I'm sure I take her every where,
Determined she shall know,
But if for me she does not care,
Why don't she tell me so?

She knows I love her, artful minx!
She knows that she's divine;
But at it she's bound with Cupid's links,
I feel she'll ne'er be mine.
I breathe the tenderest words to her,
A lover e'er can know;
But if she can't return my love,
Why don't she tell me so?

One night I took her for a walk,
Determined then to speak;
The tiresome creature would not talk,
But look'd at me so deep,
That I took courage to propose,
And whisper'd, oh! so low,
She must have heard me, goodness knows,
And might have told me so.

Indeed, and I'll no longer wait,
It really is a shame;
The way she teases me of late
Adds fuel to the flame.
Once more I'll seek her for a wife,
And vow by Cupid's bow,
If she rejects—good bye to life!—
I'll plainly tell her so.

Iva's Fortune.

BY P. G. S.

As fair a face as man ever looked upon, pure as a daisy, was Iva Lorne's with a fortune of a hundred thousand in her own undisputed right; and her guardian had just tilted himself back in his chair, and looked straight in Fred Jasper's handsome eyes, and told him that if he wanted Iva Lorne and her fortune, he might have her.

A hundred thousand, and Iva Lorne, it would set him up for life, make him independent for all time. Only he loved Bessie Campbell.

Fred Jasper was a fine fellow; fine-looking, tall, manly, with bold, handsome grey eyes that liked to look and smile at a pretty girl, and with a caressing mode of speech and way of manner that was not easy to resist; and Mr. Catherton had frankly, deliberately told this young man that there was waiting for him Iva Lorne and the golden handfuls she could bring him.

Of course Fred enjoyed the compliment, but that argument was not so powerful in its effect as Mr. Catheron had intended.

"But, sir, you have not taken Miss Lorne into consideration. Remember she has never seen me or——"

Mr. Catherton interrupted him with a curious smile.

"Not being versed in women and their ways, or the sacredness of their confidences I don't know whether or not I betray a trust when I tell you Iva has seen you, and—well, Fred, will you come up to dinner to-night and be introduced?"

So that was how that evening Fred Jasper came to be sitting at one side of Mr. Catherton's mahogany, looking very admiringly at the daisy-faced girl, who, if he so willed it, was for him. Iva had dressed herself with exquisite taste and care that evening, and a fairer vision man would not wish to see opposite him at table for all the days of his life, and the temptation suddenly strengthened and took a most seductive form, and when, the elaborate dinner over, and Fred insisted on accompanying Iva to the dining-room instead of tarrying over the wine with Mr. Catherton, that gentleman gave a smile of assent that was like a triumph, and Iva flushed to her lovely white forehead at Fred's eagerness.

She was so sweet, so lovable only, somehow, a sudden thrill of icy revulsion of feeling curdled all through Fred's veins as she arose from her chair, and Fred saw she was lame—oh! so lame—and that beside the chair had been all the while waiting the little velvet and satin-cushioned crutch on which she depended.

But Iva did not see the sudden look of blank disappointment and almost horror that swept across Fred's face, and she went on beside him, her little crutch making a soft thud on the thick carpet that made him feel strangely ashamed, and pitiful, that made him think of Bessie Campbell and her fine grace of motion, Bessie, who he knew loved him, but—who had no hundred thousand.

The battle began that night, and raged many a day, when one hour Fred would swear to himself that nothing ever should come between him and the girl he loved, and the next, that he was a fool, that he could not love such a sweet, gentle girl as Iva Lorne—that he would not deliberately quarrel with all his chances, and that Bessie Campbell would be just as happy with some other lover. These reasonings and arguments were the actual onset of the battle; and the result was that Fred Jasper and sweet lame Iva Lorne became engaged to be married.

They were happy enough days that followed to Iva, who never once dreamed that it was for her money and her money alone that her lover would marry her, and when he saw and realised how tenderly she loved him, it made him very gentle and tender towards her, and the time went on fairly well, bringing the wedding day with the sweet October weather.

"I prefer to have a quiet wedding, Fred, and I am almost sure you would—on account of—of my lameness. Fred! I am so afraid you will be ashamed of me when I am your wife."

Iva said that to him one soft, cool September night as they sat in the vivid moonlight, her fair face very sweet to see upturned to his in such shy eagerness.

A thousand times between that lovely September night and the frosty October wedding-day, Fred told himself he would be so good, so kind to this delicate little girl who was giving him everything in the world with herself, and she slightly prized, so lightly esteemed.

Scores and scores of times he told himself he did not regret what he had done, not even when he recalled the cold, contemptuous looks Bessie Campbell lost no opportunity of bestowing upon him.

And then the wedding day came, and the wedding-hour, and Mr. Catherine gave the bridal pair a gorgeous banquet, and the carriage stood at the door to carry them to the boat that was to take them on their honeymoon trip; and in the few unoccupied minutes that intervened, when Fred and his bride and Mr Catherton stood talking, there came a messenger from Mr. Catherton's banking office with a sealed letter from him, which, when he read it, made him pale and whiten to the lips. For one moment; then, like the honest man he was, he rose to the pitiful emergency.

"Every shilling Iva and I had in the world is gone. Jasper, your wife is nothing but a pauper, dependent on her husband's bounty instead of the heiress you expected."

The crash of doom could have sounded no more appallingly startling; the girl he had married for her money—this lame, white-faced, wild eyed girl who started to her feet in an agony of bewilderment, and anguish shocked—a—a pauper!

Iva clasped her little fragile hands in a piteous entreaty.

"Oh uncle Charlton! Fred, oh Fred! If only I could have saved you! Oh, why didn't they send the word just a little sooner, so that I could have saved you, Fred!"

And Fred met the bitter agony of shame and pain in her sweet eyes, heard the only wail she made; her pity for him, not for herself; saw the great, patient devotion on her sweet, pale face, and then, as if his guardian spirit had touched the fast-sealed fountain of his heart, there welled up through head and heart, soul and sense, new, exquisite, rapturous affection for this little girl who was all his own; such love as never had thrilled him before, that suddenly glorified and goldened all his life as he took her in his arms, sobbing and trembling, as he never had taken her before, kissing her face with love's eager glad kisses.

"My precious little wife, thank God you are my wife, and that I can help you bear your burden. Iva, Iva, dearest!"

* * * * *

That was how Fred married for money, and from that blessed day he never once regretted the loss that revealed to him a wealth of love and happiness that has not waned as the years go on.

A Strange Memorial of Sorrow.—A striking instance of the arbitrary state in which Scotland was held in former times, both in public and private affairs, is exhibited in the sad fate of a wife of a Lord of Session, whose title was Lord Grange. It was suspected that the lady, by some means or other, had got at the knowledge of some State papers of infinite consequence, and as poor women are set down in the minds of all arbitrary men to be incapable of keeping a secret, Grange and his son were determined to secure the one contained in the papers in question by putting it out of the lady's power to divulge anything she knew of the matter. To accomplish their design the husband and son privately conveyed her to the island of St Kilda, there put her on shore, and left her to shift for herself, and sailed back again, without a living being having missed them, or suspected what they had executed; nor could the lady's place of concealment be discovered by her friends, although they made every effort in their power to find out whither they had conveyed her, but to no purpose. The island of St. Kilda afforded no implements for writing, and the lady's history would never have been known had she not worked it on her muslin apron with her hair. Her family by some means or other, after her death (which happened at St. Kilda near thirty years after her banishment), got possession of this curious piece of work, and preserved it with great care, as a memorial of her sufferings, and of the tyranny of the times in which she lived.

During the Havre regatta two weeks ago, a seaman on the Prince of Wales's yacht, the Hildegarde, was swept off of the bowsprit by a heavy sea and so chilled and exhausted before he could be rescued that he died soon after being taken out of the water. The committee decided that the race must be sailed over.

The House of Mystery.

BY H. M.

You see the house in itself was a mystery. It was uninhabited, and had been so for more years than any one residing in our street could remember.

But all of a sudden the house became inhabited—the rumor flew like wildfire all over the place, and was, indeed, at first so astounding as scarcely to be credited.

"Now then," we thought, and many of us said, "at last we will get a glimpse into that mysterious house—if we cannot penetrate to its inmost secrets, we can at least have a look at the interior through the door."

But it was some time before even all-devouring curiosity supplied any one with courage to make a positive descent upon our mystery and fathom it.

At last Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Green arrayed themselves in all their best, and boldly approaching the front door, plied the old fashioned knocker till the sound reverberated all along the street

They were at last rewarded by the slow and practical unchaining of the door, and a very sweet sad voice inquired what was wanted; and as the door unclosed a little more the visitors saw a tall, slender woman, wholly draped in black, and her face covered with a heavy veil, so that not a feature could be distinguished.

"We have come to call upon you," Mrs. Green began hurriedly, "and this is my friend Mrs. Brown——"

"Yes, and this is Mrs. Green," Mrs. Brown added, seeing her friend hesitate, "and we are glad to welcome you among us; and as you are a stranger, we thought—"

"You must excuse me," the sweet, sad voice here interrupted; "but I receive no visitors—absolutely none—I make no exceptions whatever. My duties are such that I have no time to give to society"

At that moment a strange and blood-curdling sound proceeded from within the house, and the speaker almost closed the door in her visitors' faces, with the words—

"I know you will excuse me; I am needed within"

And then Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Green heard the key turn in the lock, and they looked at each other with a blank dismay not wholly free from horror.

"Well I'm sure!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown. "That's what I call manners!"

"But did you hear that fearful sound?" asked Mrs. Green, who was timid sometimes. "I'm sure I'm glad enough she didn't let us in."

"Yes, I heard it," Mrs. Brown returned, answering the other's question; "but I'd rather have gone in—what on earth could that sound have been?"—and discussing the mystery—now greater than ever—the two defeated visitors proceeded to make a full list of calls on all their acquaintances, and by nightfall the place fairly rang with this phase of the mystery.

And then, as the abode of mystery was finally left alone, except by the butcher and grocer—both of whom paid semi-weekly visits at the back door with provisions—the wildest surmises were soon afloat regarding the mystery in the mysterious house.

But the mystery grew and grew, and the terrible stories about the slender woman in black became every day more horrible, till one day the boys mobbed her, and having pelted her with stones and mud, declared they would tear her to pieces unless she consented to give up the heart of her mystery

And it is greatly to be feared they would have gone nigh to fulfilling their threat, but that Heaven sent her a champion in the doctor—a young man over six feet in height a Hercules in strength, and a woman in gentleness and sweetness; that is, when women are gentle and sweet.

Dr. Morton gave a sound shaking to two or three of the largest boys, and then scattered the rest like chaff with a single sweep of his long, powerful arm.

He then took the trembling woman's hand and placing it very gently within the same powerful arm, escorted her home, half supporting her frightened and trembling form.

When they reached the door she thanked him with a fervor that gave richness and warmth to the soft, sweet voice; and then flinging back her veil with a sudden impulsive movement, she startled him by touching her lips to his hand—but more by the brilliance of her beauty.

It was but a single moment that his eyes had dwelt on that heavenly face, but as he turned away and walked slowly up the street, Dr. Morton knew that moment had been sufficient—that face and its beauty would remain with him for ever; they were photographed on heart and brain.

"I must know her name:" he thought, and he found that out at the grocer's; her name was Miss Crean.

An absurd name that meant nothing.

"But of course," as Dr. Morton told himself, "she would'nt tell her Christian name to a grocer; and yet I must know it. To me she shall be Lilian. It's my pet name and its stately beauty fits her."

So to Dr. Morton, Miss Crean was Lilian and the boys tormented her no more, for he used to waylay her, and watch her to and from her home, wherever she went; and woe betide man or boy, or woman either, who had dared to molest her.

But the mystery grew none the less—indeed it steadily increased; and people did not scruple to accuse Miss Crean of having bewitched their handsome doctor, and his practice diminished, and his enemies began to say that he killed more than he cured; but that was, at worst, but a stupid calumny, for it was well known that Dr. Morton had never yet lost a patient.

But what had been all the surprise, bewilderment, and agitation caused by Miss Crean and her doings to that which thrilled our village when, one morning, the dark green shutters of the abode of mystery were seen to have been removed, several windows stood open, the blind of the back window was drawn up, the front door stood wide open?

Was she dead?

The rumor that she was flew from lip to lip, and the house was soon besieged with eager and curious seekers after intelligence.

But the slender, black robed figure, still heavily veiled, was moving softly about the house; and Dr. Morton, who met the curious crowd, bade some of them enter, for someone was dead, although happily, not Miss Crean.

And those who had the hardihood to look on the spare form and haggard withered face of the dead man, lying on his last couch, and robed for his last resting place, were glad to turn away and listen to Dr Morton's sketch of the most painful story any of them had ever known—it was also the explanation of that mystery which had so perplexed them.

The dead man lying before them had been Miss Crean's stepfather—for five years he had been a hopeless and violent maniac, whom no voice but hers could soothe, and because harshness had been necessary when he had been placed in an asylum, she had chosen to devote five of the best years of her life to this man's comfort, simply because he had been kinder to her than her own father; because he had worshipped her mother, and lost his reason from grieving over her death.

Miss Crean's friends had declared her as mad as her patient; and she had fled and hidden herself from their gibes and reproaches.

Next day the mystery in our street was gone, and with the exception of Dr. Morton no one had seen her face; and somehow the mysterious house caught fire the same night, and in the morning was a mere heap of ashes.

In less than a year after that, Dr. Morton, returning from a visit abroad, brought home a beautiful wife, whom he called Lilian; and although her voice was no longer sad, there were among us those who declared its sweet, melodious tones to be singularly familiar to their ear.

A Dutiful Husband.—There is at Moscow a certain German, a blacksmith, who married a Russian woman. After she had lived some time with her husband, she one day thus lovingly addressed him; "Why is it, my dearest husband, that you do not love me?" The husband replied: "I do love you, passionately." "I have as yet," said she, received no proof of your love." The husband inquired what proofs she desired. Her reply was: "You have never beaten me!" "Really," said the husband, "I did not think that blows were proofs of love; but, however I will not fail even in this respect" And so not long after he beat her most cruelly, and confessed to me that after that process his wife showed him much greater affection. So he repeated the exercise frequently; and finally while I was still at Moscow, cut off her head and her legs.

Mr. Holloway's munificent scheme of a women's college is making progress. Tenders have been invited and sent in for the erection of a block of buildings, the erection of which may be roughly estimated at £630,000. The whole expenditure contemplated is considerably in excess of £2,500 000, and the works are now to proceed without any further delay. Mr. Holloway is the famous pill and ointment maker, of London, supposed to be the most extensive manufacturer of "patent" pharmaceutic preparations in the world.

About this time men are turning up on every hand with cures and preventives for yellow fever. Somebody away out in Dowagiac, which is somewhere in the State of Michigan, has an idea that the disease is caused "by a peculiar state of the system where by a sudden change from the salt to fresh atmosphere, the saline matter is carried out of the debilitated or bilious person" Consequently his remedy is to dissolve salt in Jamaica rum, drink as much as possible and rub the parts affected.

The Whyte Melville memorial fund is progressing. So greatly was the late Major Whyte Melville liked in the hunting-field, that Northamptonshire farmers have sent up half sovereigns, while hunt servants many of whom had never seen him, but only knew him through his books, have given their humble half crown.

Our Young Folks.

DEBBY'S WASH TUB.

DEBBY was standing by the garden gate, her brown right hand shading her eyes from the autumn sunshine, and a frown of perplexity on her comely face

"Why Bess" she said, turning to her little daughter, who lay on the grass beside her playing with the twins; "Mary bides too long I fear thy grandmother is ill again, else she should be here now. I think I'll go myself there, mayhap Mary is idling by the way, or else the mother may have taken a bad turn, anyhow I'd best go, if father comes in before I m back get his supper for him my woman, and put the babes to bed, I ll be home by darkling anyway."

Bess drew herself up and promised to be a faithful housekeeper in her mother's absence, then, having received full directions as to "father's supper," she drew the twins into her lap and sat talking to them and watching her mother's trim figure as she crossed the stubble fields and finally disappeared in a green lane which skirted the nearest slope.

They had been busy since dinner time, wringing out a twisted pile of white clothes from two large wash tubs standing out on the grass. In the beginning of the week as usual, her husband had driven into the village and brought out her washing whereupon she and Mary Ann young neighbor whom she got in to help her, had set to work and washed all in the first day, and now, on the second, little Bess found herself left in command of the two great tubs, one piled high with snowy coils of linen ready for bleaching while the other was half full of clothes waiting to be rung out

Bess set to work valiantly, twisting and twirling as her mother did, but in spite of her efforts it was beginning to grow dark and cold before the tub was nearly empty, and she debated in herself whether she should finish them all, or carry in what were ready, and put the twins to bed

She decided upon the latter plan as being the most prudent, besides that, her little arms were red and aching painfully from the unusually hard work. It took many little journeys before all the clothes were carried in, and the big tub stood empty on the grass even then too heavy for her to drag into the cottage The other half full of water and steeping clothes, she left as it was. Meanwhile she had carried the two little brothers into the warm bright kitchen, while she finished putting the clothes away But her mother did not return, and as she waited on, not feeling the damp dews falling thick on the grass, and the cold autumn night breeze, new sights and sounds struck her with astonishment and uneasy fears. First she saw a very bright blaze dart up from one of the watch towers on the sea wall, and when she tried to make out whether it was the tower of which her father was day watchman, two more blazed forth to the south of it. Her heart beat quick as the terrible meaning of the beacon lights flashed upon her—"Had the dykes given way" even while she stood trembling and not knowing what to do, a dull noise like very distant thunder smote her dazed senses It came near, a roaring rushing, tearing sound, broken now and then by a crash as of some building falling or what seemed the cry of many voices only confused, and so far away Now little Bess began to take in what the lights of the beacons meant, and looked the danger in the face

So she realized with a strange thrill of awe what the danger was Already, she fancied she could see by the faint remaining twilight the steel grey waters creeping over the drained meadows on this side of the river and now—and now her straining eyes could see a dark heaving something just curled with white, stretching across the river like a wall and seeming higher as it approached —Just for a moment when she knew made out the shadowy terror, poor little Bess felt cold and sick with fear She held tightly on to the top bar of the gate, and called "Mother, mother!" but her own voice startled her, it sounded so strange in the darkness, and she dared not break the silence again, little use if she had, poor child; there was no one to hear her call

But she set her little brain to work to think of some substitute for the unattainable boat, she had heard of a boy floating for a whole night on the top of his mother's kitchen dresser, but she knew she had not strength to drag theirs out of the house She turned to the open door through which the warm friendly light of the fire came flickering and cheering the desolate little heart. She was on her way in to see what other things might serve her need when she tripped against and almost fell into the big washing tub which she had just emptied As she picked herself up a sudden bright idea seized her, and she scrambled into it Yes, plenty room, she could hold the poor little twins in her arms and keep them warm, there was a little water in the bottom of the tub, only a little and she would put a blanket in to keep them dry.

Then she turned into the kitchen, and put on the babies' hoods and wrapped knitted shawls round them They were very sleepy and lay quiet in their cot again while she carried out a pillow and some bread and milk in a basin which they had left from their supper; first she put in a blanket to line the new cradle, and then the other things. Already she heard the water swishing in the grass of the first meadow between them and the river, there was not a minute to spare, she ran to the kitchen and catching up a baby carried him gently out and laid him on the pillow, then back for the other They stirred a little, missing their warm nest, but she was not long in shutting the cottage door to keep out the waters, and the wicket gate to keep themselves in as long as might be; then she clambered into the tub, and seating herself with the two babies on her knees she drew the hanging ends of the blanket over and round them, and had scarcely done so when a little rush of water and a splash on the side of the tub told her that her preparations had not been made a moment sooner than was needful. One of the babies was wakened by an angry little dash of water which fell on its face. Bess comforted it as well as she could; and in her anxiety to quiet it before the other wakened, she started hastily forward, not knowing how this would destroy the balance of the unwieldy boat; it ducked forward with her movement, and she saw or rather felt in the darkness the cold muddy water leaping up to the very edge of the vessel. Sick with fright and this new danger little Bess tried hard for a while to carry her head straight and sit bolt upright in the tub, but at last she gave up the effort—a dull dreamy feeling had been creeping over her, and she could no longer keep her head up—she felt herself sinking back and the babies slipping from her grasp, and then she forgot where she was.

* * * * *

Don't you know the end of my story? How the boat came alongside of the tub, and the two rough sailors who were rowing were filled with compassion when they saw the pitiful crew it contained—the two wailing babies, and the white still face of the little girl, tear stained and as pale as death; her cold limbs cramped, that the babies might be safe and comfortable. And when John Grey and Debby had found the children they had gone out to seek floating to them over the flood, yet alive, John handed the babies to their mother and clasped his little daughter to his heart. Her mother called her by name lovingly and passionately but the white lips did not move nor the tired eyes open.

It did not take long for them to reach the grandmother's cottage on the hill, and there every loving attention was paid to little Bess. And at last the warmth and sweet rest seemed to thaw her cold limbs, and the stiffness relaxed, the faint pulse grew stronger and her lips quivered. She opened her eyes and saw her mother, and managed to tell her story.

"Bessie," said her grandmother from the bed where she had been lying listening to all the talk; "then'll not forget anyhow, that though the waves of the sea be mighty, yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier."

"No, grannie," said little Bess, "I ll never forget that."

At the Lyons Observatory, France, a simple apparatus has been constructed by M Redier for recording continuously the direction of the wind. From a suitable wind vane a vertical rod passes down to a small cylinder. Each movement of the vane is thus transmitted to the cylinder. Around the cylinder is wound a sheet of paper ruled vertically and horizontally, the vertical divisions representing the hours, the horizontal the direction of the wind A pencil pressing upon the paper is moved in a vertical direction by clock work. Thus the tracing on the paper will indicate the successive positions taken by the wind.

An aeronaut calling himself Count Henri de Gilbert was to make an ascension in Cincinnati. He stepped into the basket when all was ready and then leaned over the edge to kiss his wife. Then he kissed another woman, and so heartily that his wife was furiously angry. The balloon was cut loose, and as it went up Count Henri saw that his jealous wife and the other woman were fighting. The spectacle disturbed his presence of mind, and he permitted the balloon to collide with a chimney. A rent and collapse were followed by a quick descent, but the Count was only a little bruised by the fall. His feelings, however, were seriously hurt.

August Belmont was a Hebrew, and his name, when he arrived in New York, was Schonberg. Though he has renounced the Jewish faith he yet retains some of the ancient customs. His wife, who is a daughter of Commodore Perry, attends the Episcopal church but when death entered his family, he obeyed the old Hebrew custom of closing his picture gallery for a year. He is now about three score and ten, and his wealth is estimated at a million.

The twenty five pound salmon caught by the Princess Louise was shipped to Queen Victoria.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS

No. 263. BATRACHOMYOMACHIA

No. 264.
R E
A X
R Y
O
U
I T
T O
F R

No. 265. CABIN.

No. 266.
M A C E S
A T A M O
L I V I D
R I D E R

No. 267. MACAULAY

No. 268.
S C A R F
C A P E S
C R E P T

No. 269. SHRIEK—SHRINE

No. 270.
C A R A C A S
A V E R A G E
R E G A L I A
A R A B I S M
C A L I S T A
A G I N T O H
S E A M A R K

No. 271. THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

No. 272.
S
A P E
L O R I S
M A R I P I T
O V E R T R A D E
N O U R I S H M E N T

No. 273. IMPARK

No. 274.
R
L A D
D A R E R
D A N D L E D
I A N I F I C A L
H A R D E A V O R E D
D E L I V E R E D
R E C O R D S
D A R K S
L E D
D

No. 275. NUMERICAL

In times of [illegible]
Great [illegible]
Now find how 3, 2, 1,
Is not well done,
And how my 4, 5, 6,
To dwell depicts
A name like 6, 5, 4,
You've heard before.
And WHOLE from 1 to 6,
A sweet fruit makes.

San Francisco, Cal. GOLDEN GATE.

No. 276. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Fiery solver! Heed this rule!
FIRST upon the SECOND! You'll
Find my THIRD, it keeps you cool,
That is what's the matter.
PRIMALS river is in Spain;
CENTRALS in Brazil's domain,
FINALS, it is very plain,
Means to turn and scatter.

"Certain acid wholly pure,"
Sets forth PRIMALS CENTRALS, sure.
Pure's laundries use, I hope,
PRIMALS CENTRALS FINALS soap.

Rondout, N. Y. SKEEZIX.

No. 277. CHARADE.

Another was lost by the FIRST,
And [illegible] was fair
He got for her the WHOLE
And she wore it in her hair.
He asked her to be his
She quickly gave consent,
Now he wishes she had not—
For she is not worth a cent

Mifflintown, Pa. SANCHO PANZA

No. 278. DIAMOND.

(To "O. Possum.")

The 1 is from [illegible] Possum
The 1 2 3 Are human beings
The 1 2 3 4 5 is a small fish
The 3 4 5 is an answer
The 5 is from New Haven.

New York City. ESPERANZA

No. 279. CROSS-WORD

One third of a cat,
One-sixth of hat
One eleventh of consolation
One fourth of wail,
One fourth of sale,
One eleventh of intimation,
[illegible] of black,
[illegible] black
One seventh of information
The WHOLE'S a bird
I've often heard,
Pray tell me without hesitation

New York City. REVEALED.

No. 280. SQUARE.

1. The most important item is
The one you need to find;
2. And NEXT the busy engine
Of which I pray call to mind.
3. The poser who is THIRD will be
The one who wins the prize
4. And to will FOURTH the editor
By sending in "supplies."
5. You would be FIFTH if I could leave
My raucheria to you,
6. But though I SIXTH you, and would please,
This, I can never do.

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 281. CHARADE.

FIRST you'd better
Find a letter.
One that now before you
Surely lies—
Beneath your eyes—
But sounds I'll cease to bore you.

Counsel SECOND
(So 'tis reckoned),
Leads along destruction's path;
Beware not
My friends to what
May draw upon your righteous wrath.

In sunny Spain
Across the main,
Where the winds of warm Castilla blow,
Is found my THIRD
(Pray take my word)
A title far from being low.

The WHOLE'S no doubt,
A depth without
For there the Son of Darkness reigns.
The Hades or Hell
Of spirits fell
Which naught but darkness dire contains.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 282. DIAMOND

1. In trunks. 2. Portion. 3. Raging. 4. The temple of Jupiter in Rome. 5. A variety of ruby. 6. A town of Turkey. 7. A town of Central Africa. 8. An abbreviation of a title. 9. In cases.

New York City. KOK.

No. 283. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.

In cheap not in dear,
In bright not in clear,
In cat not in mouse,
In park not in house.
In crawl not in run,
In priest not in nun,
In cakes not in ale,
In dark not in pale,
In chip not in wood,
In cap not in hood,
In keep not in moat,
In sheep not in goat,
In worn not in old,
In brass not in gold

The WHOLE is the name of a noted bobt.
Amusing it will prove;
You may also for its author look,
You will find them both above.

Fort Clark, Texas. GARNEW

No. 284. SQUARE.

1. A genus of trees.
2. Depressed.
3. A kind of silk.
4. Full of love.
5. Certain animals.
6. To obstruct.
7. Invokes.

New York City. JAKE

No. 285. ANAGRAM

A writer of America.
Just now methinks he's far away—
Though not—
AT FATHER SCRIBNER.

Lansdale, Pa. BALFOUR

No. 286. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A hamper. 3. Thinner. 4. Constantly. 5. Pertaining to a sea-robber. 6. Sagacity. 7. Departing. 8. To regulate. 9. Wet. 10. A measure. 11. A letter.

New York City. WAVERLY.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST, COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of June 21st were solved by Mattie Jay, A. Solver, Gil Blas, Peggotty, Asian, Hal Hazard, Comet, Piney Ann, Capt. Cuttle Koe, O. C. O. La., Randolph, Hannah B. Gage, Apollo, Theron, Joe Mullins, Lochinvar, O. Possum.

COMPLETE LIST.—Mattie Jay.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Mattie Jay - - - New York City.
2. A. Solver, - - Kenton, Ohio.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

D'Artagnon—Half Square. O. Possum—Numerical. AL. G. Bra—Anagram.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. POSSUM—The double back-action-Numerical is just the thing we need Good Numericals are not common, but they are the only kind we want here.

D'ARTAGNON—Half Square accepted, but think you can do better if you try.

CAPT. CUTTLE—Call around to-night Capt. We have a fair word for your private ear about that Muddy [illegible] case

AL. G. BRA.—You should make your Anagrams more explicit. Read up the back numbers of Cerebrations.

A CALL.

All Puzzlers are earnestly requested to send on a postal card their name, address, and NOM DE PLUME (also the name of the paper in which they conduct a department, if any), to the undersigned, for publication in a new Puzzler's Guide. Write plainly and address

HAMILTON & WHEEL,
Box 34. Danbury, Conn.

A large gathering of children was held in the M. E. Church at Washington, New Jersey, on what is known as Children's Day. An address was delivered by Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, (of Beatty Piano and Organ fame), the Mayor of the city, who presided at the meeting. After very interesting exercises, the pleasant announcement was made by the pastor at the conclusion of the ceremonies that Mayor Beatty presented the Sabbath School with a new library, valued at $300 This is only of the many gifts the Mayor has contributed to the church and the poor within the last few months.

If you were as willing to be as pleasant, and as anxious to please in your own house, as you are in the company of your neighbors, you would have the happiest home in the world.

THE LOST, LOST DAYS.

BY F. L. D.

Aye, happy are the nodding flowers
That tasselled hang from yonder tree;
Their lives all beauty, wear their gold
In summer crowns of purity.
But man, oh, man, what costly tears
Bedew the cradle, as thy grave;
What griefs enseam the course of years
And break the rest we vainly crave.
I fain would be the nodding flower
Which one bright summer morn arrays,
Than in a wintry noon of life
Sit down to count the lost, lost days!

Pause, listen to that singing bird,
He trills not forth for vague applause;
He but obeys his Master, God,
And sings in cadence with His law.
I hate the bitter lies of art;
Melodious fraud that fills our ears;
The servile school where men are taught
To mould in song pretended tears.
I fain would be the bird who sings
With fearless throat, his honest lays,
Nor heeds nor knows to-morrow's dawn,
Nor yet regards the lost, lost days.

Aye, happy are the bursting buds,
Aye, happy are the birds of song;
'Tis only man, whose discontent
Disturbs the earth with railing tongue.
He mourns for childhood's artless joys,
And youth's and manhood's visions fled;
While by the embers of old age,
He mumbles only of the dead.
Whence is it that frail man alone
Should fill the earth with grievous lays,
Always a story of regret,
And wasted Life, the lost, lost days!

RUSSIAN TEA-HOUSES.

A LARGE hall, wainscoated with oak, painted in rich colors, where blue and red predominate, and at the further end a grand organ, which is playing a chorus from the last operetta. But for this tune, and for the fact that some customers are seated at little wooden tables drinking tea, you might fancy yourself in a church. A statuette of the Virgin, fronted by a night light, always flickering in its bath of oil, stands in close proximity to the yellow advertisement of a firm that exports bitter beer, and a glaring illuminated portrait of St. Isaac, who is perhaps the patron saint of the landlord, faces the play-bill of the Imperial Theatre of French Comedians. We are in a Moscow tea house now. It differs from the new-fangled cafes in having no looking-glasses or velvet settees. There is a pile of cushions in the corner, near the counter, where the landlady sits with a spangled diadem, neither reading nor sewing, but just folding her arms and smiling vaguely till waiters shall come and ask her for small change. When a habitue of the tea-house enters, he signs himself before the statuette, bows to St. Isaac perhaps, and makes for the pile of cushions, where he selects his own and carries it to the wooden bench on which he is going to sit. Regular customers keep their private cushions at the tea-house just as Germans keep their pipes and schoppes at the brauerrets. If a stranger comes in, one of the waiters brings him a folded red rug to sit down upon. These waiters are not always Russians. In a good tea-house there will be one or two Germans speaking French, but they all wear the costume, and have their hair clipped short. They never ask a Russian customer what he wants; they bring him a small brass samovar containing about a pint of tea, half a lemon, and a carset of vodki. The charge for this refreshment is five copecks. A Russian goes to the tea-house to drink tea only, with a flavor of spirits in it: if he wants other beverages he drinks them at home. In summer he takes cold tea instead of hot, and squeezes more lemon than vodki into it—that is all the difference. He seldom takes sugar, and the waiter does not present it unless requested to do so. Cigarettes are the rule in the tea-house—not pipes or cigars, and the Russian never twirls them himself, Spanish fashion, but buys them ready made. On his saying "Papyros," the waiter brings him a polished brass plate holding a dozen loose cigarettes of divers dimensions and of three colors—white, buff and pink. The last are the most delicate in flavor, and are reserved for the *bonne bouche*. The Russian epicure begins with the white ones, and, as he sits divested of his furred touloupa and wrapped in his caftan, with his head leaning back against the wainscot, and dreamily beating time to the music of the organ, he offers a perfect picture of Oriental repose. The wainscots are marked with rows of greasy black circles made by the heads of the customers. There is scarcely more talking than in a Turkish cafe, but officials in uniform, who may have imbibed the tastes of the West, sometimes get up games of cards, and intersperse their play with squeaking interjections expressive of their emotions at winning or losing. Only second rate officials patronize the tea houses; and if haply a personage of colonel's rank strolls in with his crosses on his bosom, all the other customers stand up and salute. For this reason an honorary Russian colonel (perhaps an upper telegraph clerk) when he receives a foreigner, will generally take him off to the tea house in order to give him an idea of what dignities are in Russia.

The big organ groans and plays almost incessantly, for it is a mechanical contrivance like a musical box, and has about fifty tunes. The lady with the spangled diadem dispenses music along with refreshments, for if a customer wants to encore a particular tune, she orders a waiter to turn a windlass, which regulates the barrel. When a stranger comes in this lady rings a bell, in some agitation, and all the waiters hurry up together to see what is wanted. A stranger is sure to ask for queer drinks—beer or absinthe—which have to be dived for in cellars, and are brought up processionally with a great deal of fuss, one man carrying a bottle, another the glass on a tray, and a third hastening with a napkin to polish the little oak table till it shines. Then strangers ask for newspapers, which is not the way with Russians, who prefer to study their politics at home, where they can give vent to their feelings in comparative safety. When, however, an evening edition of a paper appears the vendor who brings it to the tea-house, hands it to the head waiter, who is always a cultured person, and reads out the last telegrams aloud for the benefit of the company. This is part of his regular duties; he stops the organ, takes his stand beside the counter, and amidst a dead hush delivers the news in a sing-song voice perfectly unemotional. If the times be stirring, and reports be brought of some new Nihilist crime, all the customers lift up their hands and murmur words of reprobation for a couple of minutes, as if they were reciting verses from some service; then relapse into silence and smoke again. The prudent reserve which Russians exhibit in the tea houses does not prevent them from engaging very readily in conversation with any foreigner who chooses to introduce himself; only the foreigner will hear from them nothing but praise unstinted about everybody and everything he may talk of. The Russian is a most hospitable talker, for he deals only in flattery, and will forego his supper for the purpose of repeating by the hour to a Briton how he loves England, or to a Frenchman how he idolizes France. Russians who turn into a tea-house towards six, generally spend the evening there, and sup about eight, to the accompaniment of the organ as usual. The doors open twenty times in an evening to admit itinerant sellers of food, for no edibles except biscuits are sold by the landlord. An old woman, booted, muffled and wrapped in a sheepskin, comes in with a basket of hard-boiled eggs, salted sardines, and little rolls. Then comes a girl with apple cakes; then a man with slabs of raw ham, or German sausage; then another with a portable stove, which he installs in the middle of the tea-house that he may cook fritters for all who order them. The waiters provide salt, wooden platters and knives to the customers for a charge of a copeck; and, as the refreshments sold by the hawkers are very cheap, a man may get a large supper at no great cost.

The tea sold in the tea-houses is very good, and Russians swallow surprising quantities of it; three or four pints with a proportionate quantity of vodki, will not seem an excessive evening's allowance for a sober man. Coffee is never asked for. In the lower classes of houses (where hand barrel organs discourse music) the tea is said to be a re-brew from the leaves that have been used in larger establishments; and here it is customary to serve the tea ready flavored with vodki. It makes a potent beverage, which will send a glow all over the body of a cabman in cold weather, and make him drive his sleigh or droschki in wild zig zags, with loud yells. In the tea-houses of the lower orders the shrine of the Virgin stands just within the door, and a customer would no more think of taking tea without paying his devotions than he would go out into the snow without having his boots on. When he has finished his repast he will make another stand at the shrine on coming out: and one is happy to say that if a customer cannot remain steady on his legs during his brief orisons, some good Samaritan will always bear him a helping hand, lest the unsteady brother, going out unshriven with so much whiskified tea on board, should come to grief through his impiety. It is a common phrase in Russia to say of a man who has rolled dead drunk into the snow, and got frozen there, "He forgot to pray after his tea."

Grains of Gold.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

We are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions.

All philosophy lies in two words—"sustain" and "abstain."

Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterwards the world.

Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but it invigorates strong ones.

No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.

To the blessed eternity itself there is no other handle than this instant.

If you propose to serve God at all, have the manliness to begin his service now.

Strength of mind depends upon sobriety, for this keeps reason unclouded by passion.

No indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.

If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you—don't let your friends know any.

If a man has transgressed one law, and speaks lies and scoffs at another world, there is no evil he will not do.

It is from our hearts and not from an outward source, that we draw the line which covers the web of our existence.

The most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others; the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

No man is ever good for anything until he has found two things—first, something to love, and second, something to reverence.

Ignorance, when it is voluntary is criminal, and he may properly be charged with evil who refused to learn how he might prevent it.

Gentleness which belongs to virtue is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirits of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants.

Keep the head cool by temperance in all things, and the feet warm by actual exercise in the discharge of important duties—deeds of kindness.

A philosopher never deems any man beneath his notice, for there is no mind that cannot furnish some scraps of intellectual entertainment.

There is much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season, than be wanting in it.

Pride is seldom delicate; it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others.

A man who has a fixed purpose, to which he devotes his powers, is invulnerable. Like the rock in the sea, it splits the troubles of life, and they eddy round him in idle foam.

The truth is precious as it is divine. The truth is precious, because nothing else is so near man's present and future welfare. There is not a sin, crime, or bad thing in the world, but, sweep away the dust of the earth around it, it stands upon a lie, and falsehood is the foundation of all evil.

The more quiet and peaceably we get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is—if a man cheats you, to cease dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.

Fear and timidity restrain our approach towards him whom fortune has elevated above us. All who are acquainted with the workings of the heart will allow that equal friendships are the warmest and most lasting. Those who are linked together by their interests are friends no longer than prosperity lasts.

Feminimities.

Mrs. Langtry wears $100,000 worth of diamonds.

Favorite engagement rings are of the weird cat's-eye stones.

The Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth.

The daughter of Theodore Hook is keeping an obscure lodging-house in London.

Society belles have exact portraits of their favorite dogs sketched and painted on their fans.

The girl with a gold necklace thinks a low necked dress just too lovely for anything.

A Long Island woman is suing her husband for a divorce because he goes to sleep before she does.

The *Washerwoman's Advocate* of St. Louis, has for its motto a line from Tennyson, "Ring out, wild bells!"

We are offering a chromo now to the woman who doesn't think her baby nicer than any other woman's baby.

It was of a dear girl who doted on onion salad that it was written, "she carried her rulling passion strong in breath."

A lock of golden hair which once waved on the head of William Penn's wife is now in the possession of a Maine lady.

At a Washington wedding last week the floral horseshoe encircled the wedding cake instead of hanging over the bride's head.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet face, and delicate hands, but difficult to "regulate" after they are set agoing.

A woman who can write a letter without two-thirds of her tongue protruding through her mouth, is fitted for a better sphere than this.

A woman at St. Cloud, N. J., whose husband eloped with a girl, kept the matter quiet until she could run him in debt $250 for dry goods.

Mistress—"Bridget, didn't you hear me call?" Bridget—"Yis, mum; but ye towld me the other day niver to answer ye back—and I didn't."

The New York belles are organizing a little crusade against the male dressmakers, on the ground that they do work which properly belongs to women.

The days of the tied-back are numbered, and ladies now wonder why they were ever preferred to the graceful flowing robes that have succeeded them.

Mrs. Ames has a story entitled "The Longest Hour of My Life." That was doubtless the hour she knew her beau was calling on another girl across the street.

A St. Louis man says Chicago girls have an advantage over all others in berrying, as they can hang a pail on each ear and sling the fruit in with both hands.

A band of gypsies are encamped near Milwaukee, and the rush of ladies to have their fortune told is so great that fifty have been seen in waiting at once.

The man who, wanting a servant, advertised for a "middle aged single woman" does not understand why he has received no applications for the position.

The ladies of Vienna have formed a housekeepers' union, and have established a co-operative shop; a free registry for women seeking employment, and an exchange for woman's work.

There are 420 lady dentists in this country and only five female lawyers. A cynical bachelor says that ladies can work their mouth to much better advantage than the brain.

A lady recently appeared at a fancy dress ball at Richmond, Va., as a mushroom, and as ornaments over her cream colored dress, and fan, and gloves, she had little mushrooms.

A woman who wears a No. 6 glove and is as silver wristed as Helen, may be in doubt about wearing elbow sleeves, but the sturdy being who needs a No. 8, and whose arms are the color of a lobster boiled, never hesitates an instant.

A Senator in a recent speech said: "More than six times as many women as men are teachers and these in our high schools are well qualified to teach young men about the civil policy of this commonwealth and of the United States."

This is the kind of note which English servants send to unsatisfactory mistresses who apply for their services—"Miss Sarah Buggins presents her cumplements an cant think uv no sitervashun with late dinners sundy and no skitchun made."

A young woman in France was recently condemned to death for causing the death of her step daughter, a child of eight years, for compelling her to take sixteen pins, two needles, and some pieces of wood in her soup. She died in great agony.

A woman who will carry a twenty pound baby around all day and never utter a murmur of complaint will make enough noise getting an eight-pound lump of ice from the front steps into the kitchen to run a freight train forty miles up grade.

A newly married lady was telling an acquaintance how nicely her husband could write. "O, you should just see some of his love letters." "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of them at home in my trunk." Tableau.

Slang is bad enough when uttered by a man; but when it proceeds from the lips of gentle woman, it is unbearable. We heard a young lady at the table the other day—and she said it without blushing, too—"Oh, that is too fresh!" Horrible! horrible! She referred to the butter.

Lizzie Burley, a plucky Exeter girl, teaching school at Rolla, Mo., punished three boys to see who was running the school. The parents engaged able counsel and brought suit for assault. Miss Burley appeared in court, managed her own suit, made an able plea, and won the case.

It is a mistake for a young lady who contemplates marrying a "foreign count" not to acquaint herself with such household duties as washing, cooking, darning stockings and the like. To be compelled to turn her hand for the first time to such work a month after marriage would give her a shock from which she might never recover.

Hurelius.

What the country wants—Summer boarders.

Did you ever hear ice cream? or glass ware?

The catalogue of a library speaks volumes for itself.

Eating hash may be called a game of chance.

A wild bore—Trying to get oil out of a solid rock.

The greatest boon to the animal kingdom—the baboon.

San Francisco has a Hardly Ever Temperance Club.

A lost tart—The one that was left with the small boy.

If walls have ears, they must be located in the hear-rafter.

A thief being asked his occupation, replied that he was a "pocket miner."

Texans are never lynched nowadays. They die of "artificial diphtheria."

A saw for the times: "No man should live beyond the means of his creditors."

Everything will turn when tread upon, even the treadle. It turns the grin stone.

An exchange asks if it would be proper to speak of a kerosene explosion as a light affliction.

The order of the Barbary Apes, founded by Lady Florence Dixie, is patronized by the Prince of Wales.

"But I will not linger upon this point," as the preacher said when he sat down upon the carpet tack.

Loafers should not be allowed to stand on the corners of streets, except for the purpose of being sunstruck.

An editor, speaking of a new book, says, "It is bound to sell." Isn't that what they bind all books for generally?

A Paducah paper says money is so scarce in that place that even a change in the weather is hailed with pleasure.

"Tennyson is tall," remarks a paper; and then it adds: "In this he differs from other poets, who are usually short."

An eat joke: To ask a friend to dine with you you at a restaurant, and then leave him to pay for his own dinner.

Chicken fanciers of a speculative turn should direct their attention to the rearing of a breed of hens able to lay wagers.

Irish drill sergeant (to a squad of militia men): "Pr'aps'rms! (astonishing result). "Hivins! what a prisint! Just stip out here now and look at yersilves!"

The colored brother in a Virginia church hit the nail on the head when he prayed at the close of the white brother's sermon: "Lord bress de brudder to whom we has listened to so patiently."

Scene in a narrow lane. Footpad: "Say, farmer, your ox won't let me pass." Rustic: "Well, 'spose you let him pass." Footpad: "There isn't room." Rustic: "Well, perhaps he'll toss you for it."

When a young gentleman kisses a young lady, she very naturally says, "Oh, Dick, the idea!" And he, also very naturally, replies: "No love, not the eye, dear, but the 'cheek,' dear." Which is perfectly true.

An exchange says there is a gay young frequenter of a ball room in that city who is so divine a waltzer that he goes by the name of the "Monarch of the Squeeze," and the sisters, and cousins, etc, just dote on him.

Some men are endowed with the clinging nature of cobwebs, and like them are continually hanging around the house until cleared out by the end of a well-balanced broom, with an industrious female at the other end.

When you see a sign in front of a store, "goods at half price," go in and purchase something, and lay down fifty per cent. of what is demanded. By so doing you will discover the error into which you have fallen.

When a young tobacco chewer, who boasted that his father used the weed up to the day of his death, was asked if he didn't think it shortened his days, replied: "Not at all. Each one of his days was twenty-four hours long, just the same as if he hadn't used tobacco."

About this time of year city people are getting very anxious about the welfare of the country cousin. This anxiety and solicitude will grow as the season advances, and when they can bear it no longer they will pack up four children and two trunks and go and see about it.

"Suppose you were going along the road with two prisoners, and one of them ran away, what would you do?" was asked of an applicant for a place on the New York police. "What would I do? Why, I'd club the other senseless, and pursue the fugitive." He was at once admitted to the force.

A lady, not accustomed to raising poultry, set a hen on some eggs, and in due course of time a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend coming in four days afterwards, noticed that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply; "why, I thought the hen nursed them!"

It is told of Rev. Dr. Huntley that at a revival meeting he was annoyed by some girls in the back seats who were laughing. He stood it until his warm hair began to feel like an overcoat in July, when he said: "You girls over there in the back seats had better get married, and then you won't have so much infernal giggle about you." The girls sobered up in about ten seconds.

It is not considered proper to speak of a piano playing. It is piano recital you mean. That reminds us that there was a hand organ recital in front of this office recently. The artist was from Italy, and so was his accomplished wife, who gave recitals on a second-hand tambourine. It is to be hoped they may come again, and we can assure them plenty of room to play in.

WHEN LEAVING HOME FOR THE SUMMER vacation, the prudent provide themselves with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, in order to treat promptly and effectually sudden attacks of Cramps, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, etc.,—complaints more or less prevalent everywhere at this season of the year.

"A SECRET AT HOME."

BY MRS. HULOCK CRAIK.

The maid that deceived me was fatal and fair,
With the curl on her lip and her arrogant air;
The wife I deceived is as tender and true
As the grass on the mountain slope covered with dew.
Ah! many a storm Love can safely outride,
But a secret at home is like rocks under tide.

The maid that forsook me was cruel and cold;
She cared not for love, she cared only for gold,
The wife of my bosom is simple and mild,
With the heart of a woman, the smile of a child.
Ah! many a storm Love can safely outride,
But a secret at home is like rocks under tide.

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

THE peculiar defect of vision known as color-blindness, to which many people are subject, is due to various causes; but very little is known of its real nature. In different persons it has a different effect, being in some a complete inability to distinguish between the commonest colors; while in others it is merely a temporary confusion of the impressions conveyed by different hues, or a tendency to give the wrong names to colors, which can be perfectly distinguished from each other, though the mind cannot verify, so to speak, the deception.

To take the first case first. A man who is perfectly "color blind" cannot detect the difference between the stripes of the "red, white, and blue" flag; to him the red and green lamps of the railways are the same; and the leaves and flowers of the most variously stocked garden are more uniform in tone, in the clearest sunlight, than they would be to an ordinary eye by moonlight. In the other case, a man who has, say the three cardinal colors, red, blue and yellow, placed before him, can tell that there is a difference between them, but is unable to identify them; and while perhaps one day he is able to sort a number of pieces of glass of these three colors, he will be unable to perform the operation the next day.

Persons who are thus afflicted—for it is an affliction, though often they do not actually know of the defect to which they are subject—may possess in every other way the keenest eyesight; and it by no means follows that a man who is color-blind has in any other way less perfect eyesight than an artist or any other person whose calling requires nicety of distinction in the matter of colors and hues. The question occurs, to what is color-blindness due? in certain cases, to a want of education of the eye in this particular service; but more generally to local causes and diseases and to hereditary defect. In Egypt, China, and other countries where ophthalmia is prevalent, color-blindness is common; and the peculiar light which is known to be very trying to the eyesight, is very often found to produce this defect where it does not otherwise impair the vision. Hereditary cases of color-blindness are common. The painter Turner has been said by some of his critics to have been color-blind; and we believe that one of his sisters had a defect of vision which caused her to confuse one color with another in such a way as to prevent her her from describing accurately a picture placed before her.

Secondary colors are those which are formed by the combination of any two of the three "primary" colors; the combinations of secondary colors are called "tertiary" colors.

If a person with perfect sight will look steadily for a few moments at any object, of one of the three primary colors, whether a lamp or anything else, and then close his eyes and watch, so to speak, with his closed eyes, he will find the object reproduced in a kind of cloudy representation, or rather stained on the eye; but its color will be changed from the primary to its corresponding (complementary) secondary color. Thus the impression of a red object will present itself as green; yellow as purple; and blue as orange. *Vice versa*, if the object is of the secondary colors, the reproduction on the retina will be of the corresponding primary color. In this way it is quite possible for a man who has been looking for any length of time at a red light on a railway at night, to remove his eyes for a moment or two; and, on looking again at the lamp to find that—in the course of the natural relief afforded by the impression on the eye resolving into the secondary color—his sight is for a moment impeded by the floating image (now green instead of red) before his eyes, and the actual lamp (still red) covered, as it were, by the stained figure, so that it appears to be green. This curious effect is no fault of vision, and might easily mislead an engine driver who, having first actually seen the red light, has, after withdrawing his eyes, immediately afterwards imagined it changed to green or white, in indication of the removal of the obstacle to the progress of his train. In this way, by continual straining of the eye in search of a particular signal, especially at night, when no light beyond that of the glaring furnace of the engine—in itself detrimental to the eyes—it is quite possible that color blindness may be acquired, and that a man who was once perfectly able to distinguish the most delicate tints may become insensible to the effects of widely different colors.

But the practical part of the question is its bearing on the employment of the men upon whose power of sight and distinguishing colors many lives are dependent. Engine-drivers and signal-men, conductors, and sailors, often have nothing but a red or green speck of light between the safety and the death of themselves, and perhaps hundreds of their fellow creatures. How many of the "missing ships" that have set forth in hope, with scores or hundreds of souls on board, and never been heard of again, have gone to their fate through the color-blindness of the "look-out," who can tell? How many disastrous railway collisions have been owing to the same defect on the part of the engine-driver or stoker? The necessity of a rigid examination of all men employed on our railways, in order to ascertain their power of distinguishing the colors of the signals upon which so many lives depend, is being recognised by the directors and other officials. The same precaution ought surely to be adopted in the case of sailors, and not only once, but frequently. Periodical tests of their eyesight should be made at regular intervals, for in a physical infirmity of this kind so apt to be overlooked and remain unrecognized even by those who are subject to it, lurk more dangers than in the lack of many other strictly enforced requirements.

The second beet sugar factory in New England is being built at Northampton, Mass., and over 300 acres of beets are growing in the neighborhood for its use. Good beets, closely worked, will yield about 10 per cent. of sugar, and it is thought that with improved machinery 13 or 14 per cent. may be realized.

New Publications.

We have received a copy of "Hubbard's Right Hand Record and Ready Reference for Leading Advertisers," from the publisher, Mr. H. P. Hubbard, New Haven, Conn. It is one of the most novel and convenient works of the kind we have ever seen, its arrangement being such that while it includes in its extensive list of contents everything likely to interest the advertiser, it sets it forth in such a handy way, that he can at once turn to what he wants without the trouble, generally met with in other works of the kind, of traveling through tiresome columns of figures and names. Mr. Hubbard's arrangement of the papers by States is particularly neat and deserves the highest commendation. The author's estimate of circulations, however, are so erroneous that no advertiser can rely upon them. For instance we know of five Philadelphia publications credited with over 115 000 circulation, which have really a total circulation of less than 15,000.

"St. Nicholas," for August, is as usual full of a charming variety of stories and pictures. The frontispiece is The Kaiser-blumen, accompanied by the poem by Celia Thaxter. Mary Norwest gives an amusing sketch of a Mississippi Chowder. The Baby's Morning, by Sarah E. Chester is exquisitely illustrated by Addie Ledyard. Emma D. Southwick tells about the aquarium at Brighton. Some funny illustrated verses are called The Pease Boys. W. H. Boardman gives a graphic description of Lawn Tennis. W. H. Bishop tells about Nan, the Newsboy, and his Life-saving Adventures. Mary Lockwood gives a short sketch of the Child Life of Goethe. The other contents are Becky's Surprise Day; Hercules Jack, illustrated by Hopkins. A Few of Our Habits, City Sparrows, a poem by Edgar Fawcett. Two Ways of Seeing, a poem by Margaret Vandegrift. Agamemnon's Career, a Peterkin paper, by Lucretia B. Hale. Behind the Waterfall, a fish fairy tale. On the Well Sweep, illustrated by Hopkins. On the Beach, a picture and More Unnatural History, by Hopkins. Jack in the Pulpit, Letter Box and Riddle Box.

"Scribner's Magazine" for August is their "Midsummer Holiday Number," and has been made especially attractive for midsummer reading. The cover has an exquisite design suggestive of summer sunshine and blossom. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of the poet Whittier, and a sketch of the poet with some charming illustrations of his home and birthplace are prominent in the contents. The opening pages of the number give an interesting sketch of the artist Whistler, with illustrations of himself and some of his etchings and famous pictures. A Symphony in White; The White Girl; A Portrait of his Mother. Summer Entomology is continued in a paper on Field and Forest Insects. Another attraction in the number is the story of Henry James, Jr., entitled Confidence, of which two chapters are given. Emma Eames Chase gives A Peep into Antwerp and Holland. Frank Stockton tells about Our Archery Club. Allen B. Woodward gives an amusing sketch of The Cook of the Confederate Army. Noah Brookes contributes a sketch of Lincoln's Imagination. William H. Bishop takes the reader Over the Narrowest Narrow Gauge. The other contents are Out of the World, by Charles Dudley Warner, Inside the Castle, a Glimpse of Mediæval Days in Schloss Eltz, by George E. Waring, Jr. Two short stories are Lalage, by Elinor Putnam and The Man with a Hobby, by Henry King. Mary Hallock Foote contributes a short sketch of the Cascarone Ball. The poems are Faith, by Celia Thaxter, Jacob Hurd's Child by J. G. Holland, Shadow Evidence by Mary Mapes Dodge, Influence, by Emma Lazarus. Nelly, by Irwin Russell, Wild Clematis, by Dora Goodale, and two short poems of Bayard Taylor. The various departments, which conclude the number contain an unusually interesting variety of short miscellany and several interesting chapters continue the serial Haworth's.

The July number of "Cassell's Illustrated Magazine of Art," contains three full page illustrations. The frontispiece is a good cut of C. E. Johnson's picture The Swineherd. The others are Erskine Nicol's picture Unwillingly to School, and a cut of Ambrogio Borghi's statue Motherhood. The opening article is No. III of Pictures of the Year. Wyke Bayliss contributes No. II of Dualism in Art. This is followed by a paper on Vicissitudes of Art Treasures. Edward Bradbury gives the first of a series of papers on Skateing Grounds. The articles on Wood Engraving are continued. Erskine Nicol is the subject of Our Living Artists, including his portrait and picture Among the Old Masters. The concluding paper of the number discusses the Royal Scottish Academy and Glasgow Institute Exhibitions.

The August number of Harper's Magazine is of exceptional interest and merit in both its superior illustrations and variety of reading matter, opening with some charming glimpses of Lake George. Another interesting descriptive paper tells about Chatauqua and the most prominent features of its camp-meeting. A spirited illustrated account is given of the Nautical School of St. Mary's. In another article the reader is taken through a charming but vague locality called Snug Hamlet and Homelown. The number also contains the opening chapters of Black's new novel White Wings, a yachting romance, and another new novel called Mary Anneriy. The well-written story, Miss Mildred's Friend, it is hoped will have some more chapters. American Forests are discussed in an interesting paper, and Japanese Rock Crystal is described with a variety of illustrations. The serial Young Mrs. Jardine is continued, and the rest of the contents are Little Barbara, a poem; The First Mrs. Petersham; Watch Words, a poem; The Consequences of Defective Vision, and the usual variety of departments.

People Who are Neither Sick nor Well.

The number of people who are "neither sick nor well," as the saying is, makes up a large proportion of nearly every community. If you ask what ails them, you get no clear answer; for they do not know themselves. They are not sick enough to be classed with invalids, and yet they are not well enough to enjoy life nor to do any physical or mental work without a wearisome and exhausting effort. For most of the time they feel miserable and forlorn; every task is a burden; they have no zest in life, and little hope in the future. These unhappy people get little or no relief from physicians, but are rather made worse by the tonics which are too often prescribed, and which leave the vital forces at a lower range after the temporary stimulation has subsided. What they need is a new development of force at the centre of life. If the mainspring of a watch be too weak to drive the movement with energy, the whole machinery drops out of order, and all efforts at repair become useless. Now, an agent that can restore this vital activity must, in the very nature of things, give back health to the suffering invalid. It must act as a new and stronger mainspring would set on the machinery of the watch. That such an agent has been discovered is no longer a matter of doubt. It is to be found in what is known as "Compound Oxygen." Some of the remarkable results which have followed its use during the past twelve years will be found recorded in our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," which will be sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

Men milliners are on the increase in New York, but no ladies have yet gone into tailoring.

Harry Palmer, of the firm of Jarrett & Palmer, dramatic managers, died in London last Saturday.

Over forty thousand pounds of glycerine are used annually in the United States for mixing with beer.

Blondin has been performing in Brussels, and is going to Vienna. He must be getting well up in years.

An English paper tells of a black cat which decoyed birds for its eating by feeding them crumbs of bread.

A French Imperialist paper proposed carrying French earth to Chiselhurst for Prince Louis Napoleon to rest in.

Lord Lorne is represented in London as about to publish a book on America, with drawings by the Princess Louise.

Ninety rooms were taken last month for the Emperor of Germany and his suite at Ems, of which number he himself used three.

New Hampshire pays its Governor $1 000 a year, its Chief Justice $2 400, its Associate Justices $2,000 each, and its State Treasurer $1 800.

St Louis detectives telegraphed a description of a murderer far and wide, but did not go to his own house, where he was accidentally discovered.

The injunction to "pray without ceasing" was almost literally fulfilled by a city clergyman, recently, whose prayer occupied thirty-five minutes.

"Brethren, it is our mission to visit and comfort the sorrowing, at $2 a visit," said one of the speakers at the Burlington, N. J., Medical Convention.

Recently compiled statistics show that Great Britain produces three times as much iron, and almost three times as much coal as the United States.

The Marquis of Bute, who is a Catholic convert, dislikes politics, is shy and sensitive, and has an income which is popularly supposed to reach $1,500,000 a year.

The fall wheat in Iowa is all gathered in, and the spring wheat is being harvested. Both are good in quantity and quality. An immense corn crop is promised.

An intelligent Englishwoman, 72 years old, reached this city on Saturday last on her way to Chester, having walked from a point 138 miles beyond Bangor, Maine.

King Humbert of Italy looks "wretchedly—haggard, stoney-eyed and anxious. The Queen, on the contrary, is plump and happy. Life goes easily with her—it is her nature."

A steel steamship with compound direct-acting engines of 500 horse power, has been launched at Dumbarton, Scotland. It is said that steel steamships will soon be common.

A richly ornamented garter is one of the regulation presents to a German royal bride, and an illustrated German paper depicts such an article given to the Empress fifty years ago.

The employes of the Pennsylvania Iron Works, at Danville, have been notified that their wages will be advanced, dating from July 1. The price now paid for puddling is $5 per ton.

A physician of Salem, Ind., was addicted to opium eating, and his neighbors tried to cure him by tying him to a tree, whipping him severely, and making him take a vow of reformation.

Thomas M. Coleman, city editor of the *Public Ledger*, sailed for Europe on Saturday last. A large number of journalists accompanied him as far as Chester, where the good-byes were said.

The London guilds have been waking up amazingly of late, in view of the threatened inquiry as to what they do with their revenues, and whether nearly all goes for turtle and Sillery, as some aver.

The merit of Gerster's voice was first recognized by a Vienna musical director, who heard her sing at the head of a Catholic procession in a Hungarian town, and who put her under suitable instruction.

The rising musician in England is Master d'Albert, 15 years of age, who not only carried off the national school honors for composition, but played "as well as Rubenstein." His father is a ballet-master.

A woman in Burlington, Vt., was fatally poisoned while washing a pair of pantaloons which a man had worn while applying Paris green to his potato vines, the poison taking effect through a cut in her hand.

A woman raised to the third power of widowhood has the photographs of her three departed lords in a group, with a with a vignette of herself in the centre, and underneath is the inscription, "The Lord will provide."

Obstructions of the kidneys and attendant organs will prove fatal if not removed by Hop Bitters.

Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, has just been installed, at London, as master of the Lodge of Antiquity of Freemasons. This office was filled for thirty years by his great-uncle, the Duke of Sussex.

Eight young men have been condemned at Bazas, in France, to ten days' imprisonment for seeking to evade the conscription by applying drugs to their eyes, the quack doctor who supplied them incurring forty days' imprisonment.

On hearing of the Emperor of Germany's tumbles on the polished floor of his room, an old lady employed in making shoes with cloth soles, wrote him a letter recommending her manufacture, and got a gracious permission to send him a pair.

A Partial Blockade

Of the main avenue for escape of refuse from the human system is utterly subversive of regularity among the other organs. Let constipation become chronic, and, leaving out the imminent danger of inflammation of the bowels and their total obstruction occurring, jaundice is almost certain to ensue, the liver is liable to become engorged, the blood and urine are poisoned by the bile, which also vitiates the juices of the stomach, and other unhappy consequences follow. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a prime tonic alterative, prevents or remedies these results and their cause, as the case may require, and is also signally efficacious in overcoming flatulence, heartburn, and variable as well as constipated action of the bowels. It renews nerve power, improves the appetite, stays the progress of early decay, relieves the infirmities of age, and is a pleasant appetizer.

Beatty's Celebrated Parlor Organs.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. D. F. Beatty in another column. There is hardly a family in the land that would not like to have an organ or other musical instrument, and to get a good one, perfect in all respects, they cannot do better than to apply to this enterprising manufacturer. For excellence of workmanship and every quality that can make an instrument desirable, they are fully the equal of the best, while in the matter of price they are about one-fourth that charged by other makers. No person wanting an organ or piano should fail to write to Mr. Beatty, as we give them every assurance that while the instruments offered are unsurpassed by any in the market, they rival the most renowned makers in every particular, yet are offered at one-fourth the price. Mr Beatty gives all possible guarantees to ensure satisfaction. Besides refering by name and residence, to thousands of persons who have purchased his instruments in every State of the Union, he allows the would-be purchaser to inspect and examine the instrument at his own home, free of all charge, before buying. A fairer or more liberal offer was never made. If the purchaser is not satisfied he undergoes no expense whatever. The exclusiveness that has existed for years in the musical instrument business has enabled manufacturers to ask what prices they pleased, but Mr. Beatty, by the aid of large capital, indefatigable industry, liberal advertising, and large sales, has broken down this monopoly, and shown to the world that a superior article may be made and put at a price which enables even the poorest to enjoy the pleasures of musical recreation. Mr Beatty needs no encomiums, for his works speak for themselves, though we may refer to the fact that his recent election to the Mayoralty of Washington, N. J., is but a tribute that he has well deserved at the hands of his admiring fellow citizens.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

"That medicine goes right to the spot, refreshens, revives and cures."—A patient on Hop Bitters.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

go after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
AS IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

—BY—

DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.

32 Warren Street, New York.

WE ACTUALLY SEND GOODS TO EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY.

OREGON MAINE CALIFA TEXAS

Whether you live in Colorado or Pennsylvania, you can, with the utmost satisfaction, purchase the newest goods for the lowest city prices at the

GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA,

The Largest DRY GOODS AND Outfitting House of JOHN WANAMAKER.

NORTH WEST EAST SOUTH

Only the exact goods ordered are sent, and even then, if not as expected, are willingly exchanged, or the money refunded. Samples or prices, with directions for ordering, mailed postpaid upon receipt of postal card specifying what is desired, and no obligation to purchase if prices are not satisfactory.

Address MAIL DEPARTMENT For Samples and Supplies, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

PLEASE STATE THE PAPER YOU SAW THIS IN.

CURE BY ABSORPTION

We do not care to ask readers to act contrary to their judgment as to what is good for them, but when you think you have sufficiently tasxed your stomach by pouring into it nauseous drugs, turn your attention to that GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY,

"SAPANULE"

Get a bottle and test its marvellous power. It reaches every part of the organism, cleansing away all obstructions, drawing inflamed and impoverished blood from weak and diseased parts to the surface, and by absorption returning the life-current purified to sustain and strengthen. Inflammation cannot live where SAPANULE is applied. It is a certain and prompt cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO or BACKACHE, and HEADACHE. No preparation ever offered to the public is so prompt and sure in Curing and Healing all accidents to the living organism. Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, new or old; Chilblains, Cold Sores, Boils, Piles of all kinds, Burns and Scalds, Bleeding and all accidents, and diseases of the Head, Body or Feet, "SAPANULE" at once relieves and cures. Try it, and if not satisfied to call for your money and get it.

PINT and QUART BOTTLES 50 cents & $1

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS,

At Wholesale by JOHNSON HOLLOWAY & CO., Phila, Pa.

SAMUEL BERRY & CO., Proprietors,

257 Broadway, N. Y.

Cape May Point, N. J.

ALL THE HOTELS NOW OPEN!

IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE, AT LOWER RATES THAN EVER BEFORE. Address,

SEA GROVE HOUSE, (On the Shore.)

CAPE HOUSE, (Sea View from Every Window.)

CENTENNIAL HOUSE, (Within Sound of Ocean Roar.)

Cape May Point, N. J.

Just the Thing to Please the Children.

80 ASSORTED PICTURE CARDS

For 25 Cts.

Send 25 cts to JNO. A. HADDOCK, 711 CHESTNUT St., PHILADELPHIA, PA., and you will receive by return mail, postage paid, a neat paper case containing EIGHTY BEAUTIFUL PICTURE CARDS.

Try it.

Reference—The Editor of this Paper.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York

New Mexico.

Parties having LAND CLAIMS or LANDS in this Territory

Who DESIRE TO SELL, Send Full Particulars, Synopsis of Title and Map of same to

J. WISE NORTON, P. O. Box 1979., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalleled success. 1,000 testimonials. State your case and address DR. F. E. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

BOYS A WATCH FREE! Particulars for stamp. UNION CO., Stony Run, Mich.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy for Ever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

Removes Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it, to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient)—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

Mme. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop'r., 48 Bond Street, New York.

For Sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Invest in GOOD GOLD AND SILVER MINES

—AT—

Leadville, Colorado.

The Carbonate Gold and Silver Mining Co of Leadville, Col. have placed $2 0,000 of their Capital Stock on the market as a working capital. The Company own seventeen good mines and are daily buying up more. The Company is organized as a prospecting and developing company, and any person desiring to invest in a good mining enterprise, in the best locality in the world, where fortunes are daily made by prospecting and developing mines, can do no better than to buy stock of this Company.

For further particulars, references, etc. address CHARLES L. KUSZ, JR., Sec'y. Lock box 1979.

DON'T FAIL to send stamp for the Largest, Handsomest and most complete Catalogue of TYPE, PRESSES, CUTS, &c., published.

LOWEST PRICES. LARGEST VARIETY.

NATIONAL TYPE CO. 58 South Third St., PHILADELPHIA.

JAMES H. BUNN.

Wall Paper & Window Shade Depot,

TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILADELPHIA

N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to. In person.

OLD United States coins wanted. Dollar 1804, $350. Half dollar 1795 and 1797, $15. Quarter dollar 1821 and 1827 $5. Half dime 1802, $5. All old and rare coins wanted. Send stamp for price list. SMITH, No. 72 North Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hires' Improved **ROOT BEER** Package makes 5 gallons of a delicious drink—healthy and strengthening. Ask your druggist for it. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Manufactured only by CHAS. E. HIRES, 216 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

AGENTS, READ THIS

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Samples free. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

1 Pack 52 French Transparent cards, 25c: 10 photos, female beauties 10c; 25 escort and flirtation cards 10c. All for 25c; securely sealed. Hull Bros, E. Wallingford, Vt.

$2 10 A YEAR for Honest, Intelligent business men of agents. New business; light work. Address J. B. CHAPMAN, Madison, Ind.

60 Cards, 20 Chromo 10 motto, 25 Ocean shells Snow flake &c. Name on, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

BIG PAY to sell Rubber Printing Stamps, Pencils, Pens, Key-Checks, Seal-Engravers, movable type, &c. Samples free. E. Taylor & Co., Cleveland, O.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards with name, 10c, postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

BEATTY'S MID-SUMMER HOLIDAY OFFER.

A $370 13-Stop Parlor Organ for only **$96.25.**

ONLY $96 25cts Warranted 6 Years

Great reduction from former Prices for the Summer months 1879. In order to introduce a New Style Cabinet Organ, I will sell the following elaborate highly finished New style Cabinet or Parlor Organ during the Mid-Summer Holiday Months, for only $96.25 my very lowest former price for this beautiful Instrument has been during the past winter $125.00, but in order to have it more widely known, I offer it at the above remarkably low price. Order at once! My chief object in making this immense reduction this Summer, being to push my sales up to a point beyond all former competition.

Description of this beautiful Instrument as follows:

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ.

Style 1686. Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. Three (3) Sets Reeds. Thirteen (13) Stops. Five (5) Octaves. French Veneered Paneled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an Instrument by the Monopolists' Agents, about $210.00.

My Price during the Mid-summer Months, only $96.25

Please order the Instrument at once, and pay for it only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and I positively will not deviate from this price. Warranted for 6 years.

Every Organ sold, sells others. #2 The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on where but 14 sales my Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated Instruments.

NEW PIANOS

$125, $135, $144 and upwards. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my City, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. Illustrated Newspaper giving information about cost of Pianos and Organs, containing testimonials of thousands who are using my instruments, some of whom may be in your own neighborhood and you may know sent free. Send for Special Mid-Summer Circular now ready. This offer only good during the hot Summer Months.

Please Show This Magnificent Offer to Your Neighbors.

Address all orders to DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

BEATTY'S CELEBRATED PARLOR ORGANS.

The following is a list of names from persons from Maine to California who have lately purchased my Parlor organs and have the instrument in their own homes. I have only room for a few names out of the many thousand orders I am receiving. I have arranged and classified them by States, so you can more readily find out who have purchased in your immediate neighborhood. Please write or call on any one of them if you have any doubt in regard to the superiority of my celebrated instruments.

Arkansas.—D. W. Hazen, Evansville, Washington Co. West & Hardy, West Point, White Co., Ark.

California.—Henry Vroman, Mills Ferry, Stanislaus Co. D. J. Bowen, North San Juan, Nevada Co. T. B. Smith, Ico, Shasta Co. Alex E. Hills, Mendocino City, Mendocino Co. John Clark Visalia, Tulare Co. C. H. Davis, Plymouth, Amador Co., Cal.

Colorado.—Mrs J. J. Ampeler, Saguache, Saguache Co. W. R. Fowler, Canyon City, Fremont Co. Mrs. R. W. Harris, Fort Collins, Larimer Co., Colo.

Connecticut.—Mrs. S. H. Tracy, Glastonbury, Hartford Co. S. J. Hoxse, Bridgeport, Fairfield Co. J. C. Carter, Beacon Falls, New Haven Co. S. R. Knowles, Niantic, New London Co. J. L. E. Wyckoff, Woodbury, Litchfield Co. Charles E. Prior, Jewett City, New London Co. E. N. Botsford, New Haven, New Haven Co. C. A. Holbrook, Stafford Springs, Tolland Co., Conn.

District of Columbia.—W. C. Salt, 5th Auditor's Office, Washington. E. H. Wiest, 35, Cloud Building, Washington. J. C. Brown, Treasury Department, Washington. S. C. Martin, 625 G Street, S. W., Washington. J. E. Van Mater, 1311 H St., N. W., Washington. R. V. Barney, Georgetown. Rev. Chas. Wheeler Bombus, Lexington Terrace, Washington, D.C., Col.

Delaware.—J. B. Anthony, New Castle, New Castle Co., Del.

Dakota Territory.—H. A. Barron, Vermillion, Clay Co., Dakota Ter.

Georgia.—James M. Dunn, Lee, White Co., Ga.

Illinois.—M. R. Fowler, Augusta, Macon Co. James M. Pinkney, Equality, Gallatin Co. John Smith, Prospect Park, Dupage Co. W. L. McCracken, Nashville, Washington Co. Henry Wortmer, Manteno, Kankakee Co. Mrs. J. A. Prescott, Warren, Jarkins Co. J. M. Hammell, Sandwich, DeKalb Co. M. Jenkins, Caseyville, St. Clair Co. C. W. Alexander, Rock Bridge, Greene Co. Isaac Crail, Wallace, DeKalb Co. M. Garvin, Hanson, La Salle Co. Y. Lee & Son, Elizabethtown, Hardin Co. G. W. Graham, Fithian, Vermilion Co. H. T. Kyger, Danville, Vermilion Co., Ill.

Indiana.—James Cooper, Shelbyville, Shelby Co. L. S. Shaw, Logansport, Cass Co. Lewis Beccok, Marion, Grant Co. M. L. Clarkson, Clarksburgh, Decatur Co. A. W. Wright, Connersville, Fayette Co. William Perry, Smoddy's Mills, Fountain Co. S. Newson, Elizabethtown, Harrison Co. Katie Morris, Lebanon, Boone Co. F. M. Silby, Sr., Connersville, Fayette Co., Ind.

Indian Territory.—Robert A. Walker, Wan hill-law, Cherokee Nation.

Iowa.—Vincent Gross, Iowa City, Johnson Co. G. H. Kempker, Mt. Pisgah, Lee Co. William Noble, Indianola, Warren Co. John Life, Traer, Tama Co. Wm. S. Wamsley, Clarksville, Butler Co. Wm. G. Thompson, La Grand, Marshall Co. Chaffee & Williams, Ida Grove, Ida Co. Ernst Wiesner, Harper's Ferry, Allamakee Co. J. W. Stayner, Cedar, Jasper Co. A. J. Grace, New Sharon, Mahaska Co. J. S. Ackley, Davenport, Scott Co. E. V. Thomas, Bradyville, Page Co. D. Anderson, DeWitt, Clinton Co. S. H. Greene, Adel, Dallas Co., Iowa.

Kansas.—J. W. Lily, Chapdow, Washington Co. Enos Kensel, Ottawa, Franklin Co. A. C. Jeffers, Wilson, Ellsworth Co. Bernard Smith, Irving, Marshall Co. Henry Mitchell, Junction City, Davis Co. G. F. Gordon, Junction City, Davis Co. R. D. Thomas, Emporia, Lyon Co. Henry Strong, Manhattan, Riley Co., Kan.

Kentucky.—J. A. Doherty, Bristow, Warren Co. J. J. Chandler, Powder Mills, Hart Co. R. W. Puskis, Greensburgh, Green Co., Ky.

Louisiana.—T. T. Riley, 258 Thalia Street, New Orleans. W. F. Area, Abbeville, Vermilion Co. R. W. Haynes, Commission Merchant, 40 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.

Maine.—Geo. Washburn, East Auburn, Androscoggin Co. S. R. Tufts, Rangeley, Franklin Co. Geo. Bacon, M. D., Oxford, Oxford Co., Me.

Massachusetts.—Thomas Hall, Lawrence, Essex Co. Patrick Healey, Florence, Hampshire Co. Thomas G. Belding, East Hampton, Hampshire Co. Robert Lyman, Clinton, Worcester Co., Mass.

Michigan.—Jno. B. Collins, P. M., Frankford, Benzie Co. Miss E. J. Lickley, Prattsville, Hillsdale Co. C. A. Warren, Orono, Oscoda Co. A. P. Hubbard, Reed City, Osceola Co. Robert Seaford, Brighton, Livingston Co. D. J. Simmonds, Leslie, Ingham Co. Lewis L. Manson, Ovid, Clinton Co. Mrs. A. Beebe, Clare, Co., Mich.

Minnesota.—Jones & Russell, Lake City, Wabasha Co. Rev. J. F. Mevnitz, Eitzen, Houston Co., Minn.

Mississippi.—H. Craig & Co., Corinth, Panola Co. W. W. Yates, Air Mount, Yalobusha Co. Daniel McCannin, Hernando, DeSoto Co., Miss.

Missouri.—Samuel B. Shaw, Mount Hope, La Fayette Co. Rev. J. F. Meaner, Lockedo, Linn Co. J. J. Dandy, Kirksville, Adair Co. George A. Short, Richmond, Ray Co. Wm. Triplett, La Belle, Lewis Co. Wm. Benson, De Lassus, St. Francois Co. Mattie Longacre, Kingsville, Johnson Co. W. H. Mitchell, Seneca, Newton Co. W. A. Tarwater, Phelbina, Shelby Co. R. Cahill, Windsor, Henry Co. M. Higgins, Douglass, Ozarky Co. J. G. Barton, Rochester, Andrew Co., Mo.

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New Hampshire.—Bert. D. Thompson, Lee, Strafford Co. Hiram Streeter, Franklin Falls, Merrimack Co., N. H.

Nevada.—N. S. Trowbridge, Tyler, Nye Co. A. Sherburne, Carlin, Elko Co. W. A. Smith, Ward City, White Pine Co., Nev.

New Jersey.—A. C. Van Duyne, Pine Brook, Morris Co. Mrs. Z. Emory, Swedesboro, Gloucester Co. J. J. Coombs, Unionville, Gloucester Co. Geo. Bancroft, Camden, Camden Co. Rebecca Doughton, Salem, Salem Co. D. J. Crane, Little Falls, Passaic Co. J. W. Holford, 239 Chestnut Street, Camden Co. Joseph H. Laurence, Cream Ridge, Monmouth Co. J. C. Johnson, Lord's Point, Atlantic Co. C. P. Wescott, Winslow, Camden Co., N. J.

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North Carolina.—L. S. Rees, Jamestown, Guilford Co. Miss Ida Harrison, Plymouth, Washington Co. Miss C. S. Parker, Trinity College, Randolph Co. Henry Smith, Henderson, Granville Co., N. C.

Ohio.—F. J. Langston, Lancaster, Fairfield Co. S. Yermillion & Co., Arabia, Lawrence Co. Geo. W. King, Plymouth, Richland Co. John D. Morgan, Brookfield, Trumbull Co. Miss Lizzie Stewart, Van Wert, Van Wert Co. Miss Libbie Sayre, Apple Grove, Meigs Co. Jacob Dick, New Philadelphia, Tuscarawas Co. Mrs. S. A. Armstrong, Delaware, Delaware Co. M. F. Parrish, Lee, Athens Co. C. L. Rose, New Bremen, Auglaize Co. Rev. G. Butler, McComb, Hancock Co. Wm. Foster, Middleport, Van Wert Co. J. R. Little, Yellow Springs, Greene Co. Henry Claire, Archbold, Fulton Co. Rev. H. W. Guthrie, Chillicothe, Ross Co., Ohio.

Oregon.—J. G. Roberts, Salem, Marion Co. C. R. Ward, Harrisburgh, Linn Co. S. Hamsbaker, Dexter, Lane Co., Oregon.

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Rhode Island.—G. F. Crompton, Wickford, Washington Co. C. L. Redman, Wakefield, Washington Co. H. W. Magown, Lonsdale, Providence Co. Miss Ruth A. Troop, 203 Charles Street, Providence, R. I.

South Carolina.—Thos. E. Newton, Box 403, Charleston, S. C.

Tennessee.—Milton & Hancock, Overdurgh, Dyers Co. John H. Wood, Readyville, Rutherford Co. J. Dill, New Market, Jefferson Co. G. Kirkpatrick, Russellville, Hamblen Co., Tenn.

Texas.—Miss Lou Covert, Pilot Point, Denton Co. Wm. M. Woodward, Indianola, Calhoun Co. Henry Hatcher, Richardson, Dallas Co. E. W. Johnson, Corsicana, Navarro Co. J. C. Traylor, Sr., Bosa Lake, Jackson Co. H. Snodgrass, Mt. Pleasant, Titus Co. E. G. Brewster, Laredo, Webb Co. T. W. Johnston, Round Rock, Williamson Co. J. L. Tyler Fort Worth, Tarrant Co. John Mar, Sophia, Lee Co., Texas.

Utah.—James Finlayson, Tyson City, Utah Co. Mrs. F. Taylor, Corinne, Box Elder Co. L. H. Reid, Harmony, Kane Co. A. McKeller, Fort Douglass. J. A. Browning, with Walker Bros., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Virginia.—Mrs. F. Deyerle, Big Springs, Montgomery Co. E. F. Gill, Lovely Mount, Montgomery Co. Mary F. Wyman, Scottsville, Albemarle Co. D. P. Robertson, Sweet Springs, Appomattox Co. Wm. P. Waugh, Coal Town, Grayson Co. R. W. Pentress, Danville, Pittsylvania Co. B. Conner, Jr., Fisherville, Augusta Co. H. A. Clement, Rustburg, Campbell Co. Sawyer, Etheridge & Brooks, Portsmouth, Norfolk Co., Va.

West Virginia.—Thomas Baxter, Briscoe Run, Wood Co. C. Downey & Bro., Wellsburg, Brooke Co. A. C. Overtz, Charleston, Kanawha Co. M. F. Mohler, Lowell, Raleigh Co., West Va.

Wisconsin.—C. H. Miller, Madison, La Crosse Co. M. Gaylord, Young America, Washington Co. W. W. Ballard, Portage City, Columbia Co. Peter Sell, Stephensville, Outagamie Co. E. Langhor, Brandon, Fond du Lac Co. J. E. Hog, Geneva Lake, Walworth Co. J. A. Housily, 388 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Washington Territory.—J. Scammon, Goldendale, Klickitat Co., Wash. Ter.

Wyoming Territory.—Mrs. J. E. Bedel, Rock Springs, Sweetwater Co., Wyo. Ter.

Canada.—Frederick Schmelz, Oshawa, Ontario. Rev. J. Gold, Oakwood, Ontario. J. B. White, Elizabethville, Ontario. R. F. Clough, Caledonia, Quebec. A. R. Snider, German Mills, Ontario. E. Read, Canning, Nova Scotia. J. Tuckabery, North Ridge, Ontario. J. A. Lyon, Fredericton, New Brunswick. Wm. Purves, North Sydney, Cape Breton, N. S.

Before you purchase a Cabinet or Parlor Organ be sure to write me for my latest Illustrated Newspaper, or write or call on any one of the above persons and ask them how they are pleased with their purchase. Address all orders to

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE new summer costumes this season present the most curious contrasts in style, the result of borrowing from such different periods as the reign of Louis XV., and the time when Directorie jackets and large bonnets were considered the most becoming attire with which a woman could adorn herself; the variety of the toilettes, and the confusion of modes is most fanciful and attractive. Ladies who are both young and good-looking, are charming in their gentlemanly coats with lappets and revers, and their long waistcoats of Pompadour material, reaching below the coat and decorated with a coquille jabot of Mechlin or fine Breton lace.

Ladies with slender figures, who wish to make the most of a small waist, wear Judic bodices with long points and full paniers, which by adding to the apparent size of the hips, diminish that of the waist; those who are of larger proportions adopt the Directorie costume, which moulds the figure gracefully, and shows off a rounded contour.

All the new materials are of the freshest and most delightful character, and remind us of the dresses worn by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, with their scattered sprays of tiny flowers, their painted bouquets, and their infinitely varied stripes and small patterns. *Toile de Soie* is the favorite fabric at present, and the Louis XVI. style vies with that of Louis XV. Lawn and batiste are combined in the most curious manner with cashmere, Pekin, and velvet, and these materials thus combined form very original and elegant costumes. Louis XV. lawn, for instance, with velvety stripes of moss green foliage is charming with Indian mousseline de laine in the same shade; another lawn with velvety stripes of garnet-colored ornaments, corresponds with garnet-colored Indian mousseline de laine; the waistcoat and parements are made of the Louis XV. lawn. Plain mousseline de laine is also frequently combined with the same material covered with little painted bouquets. Canton lawn is another tissue with designs matching the colors of Indian mousseline de laine, and is noticeable for the velvety raised *reflets* which are its chief characteristic.

Very lovely toilettes are also made of jardiniere foulard and Indian gauze and ornamented with plaitings of point d'esprit tulle, which harmonizes well with these light fabrics. Foulard with small cashmere palms on a white ground is very stylish, and toilettes of linen batiste will be in vogue; we have seen one of these in a delicate shade of turquoise blue with faille of the same shade, and another entirely pink trimmed with narrow Breton lace arranged in scallops caught up by little bows of pink ribbon. Sateen cambric ornamented with coarse lace forms pretty and useful toilettes for morning wear in the country.

Amongst more dressy toilettes for summer fetes, and other similar occasions, is a dress of ripe wheat-colored glace silk shot with white. The paniers of ripe wheat-colored sicilienne are edged with white-colored silk fringe; the Louis XV. corsage of shot silk opens over a waistcoat entirely composed of plaitings of Breton lace; over the corsage is a casaquin of seal-brown velvet ornamented with bands of embroidery on brown batiste. The small chapeau is of straw with a bow of ripe wheat-colored satin and brown velvet; the strings are of velvet, and on the brim, at the edge of the chapeau, is a large bouquet of vervain.

The favorite model for sea-side costumes is the Florian toilette, generally made of cotton Pompadour material; it is composed of a very short skirt trimmed with two or three of the narrowest flounces, headed by a drapery caught in from space to space by tabs crossing it. The paniers are draped across, and end at the back in a cascade of material; the bias bands edging the trimmings and flounces are of old gold-colored satin like the tablier, which is covered with festoons of coquille lace. Similar lace is put on very full round the edges of the paniers; this lace is a novelty, and has a white ground embroidered with colors to match the material. The pointed corsage is laced across the chest with a thick lace falling with old gold-colored aiguillettes; the sleeves reaching to the elbow are not sewn into the corsage, but joined to it by bows of ribbon; and the shoulder bouquet is of perfumed pink cyclamen. A most coquettish short costume is of gorge de pigeon silk and peacock blue Indian mousseline de laine. The centre of the skirt is draped in front, and a scarf of gorge de pigeon surah is arranged to form paniers; the corsage has a long point in front, and basques at the back. A small scarf drapery starts from each side of the point in front, and is tied at the back on the basque of the corsage. The sleeves are finished off by a small gorge de pigeon drapery.

Our readers who spend a portion of the season at the sea-side resorts, and are well acquainted with the number and style of toilettes required, will be glad of a few descriptions of toilettes suitable for dressy occasions. The first is a dress of pale blue bengaline trimmed with beaded blue fringe; the long skirt of bengaline is draped in paniers over an underskirt of plain blue satin, with large bunches of very pale wild roses. The corsage is cut square, and the opening filled in with point d'esprit tulle; a bouquet of wild roses is worn on the left side; the half-length sleeves are ornamented with plaitings of point d'esprit tulle and bouquets of wild roses. A toilette of cream-colored Pekin with a tablier of plain Pekin is trimmed with large rosettes of cream-colored satin and Valenciennes lace. The train of a new material with satiny cream-colored stripes, and stripes in open choquers, is also trimmed with Valenciennes lace; the Louis XV. corsage terminates in paniers tied at the back, and the waistcoat of Pekin is bordered with Valenciennes lace laid on flat. The sabot sleeves reach to the elbow, and have two flounces of similar lace and a rosette of cream-colored satin. A very dressy toilette is of white Pekin, with the train and paniers of Mechlin lace. The whole of the front is covered with plaitings of Mechlin lace, coming gradually to a point at the edge, with a large tuft of red carnations in three shades. The pointed corsage has a plastron of Mechlin lace, and a Louis XV. bouquet at the shoulder. A charming toilette is of soft pale blue gauze over satin to correspond, and is made with a Garde Francaise jacket, with satin revers and beautiful antique marcassite buttons. Four scarfs of gauze bordered with a band of satin embroidered in flowers of all colors, and edged with fringe matching the flowers, are draped across the skirt. The corsage is of satin cut square at the neck and trimmed with embroidered bands matching those on the skirt.

A costume for the country of a most picturesque description is made of printed cotton, both the design and style being copied from old models. The underskirt is bordered with three pleated flounces, and the upper skirt is draped in paniers at the sides. The panier at the back is edged with a pleating, which forms a jabot at the side. The corsage is gathered *a la vierge* in front and at the back, and a band of black velvet is worn round the waist; the sleeves are also gathered and trimmed with Breton lace. The same kind of costume is very pretty made of adrinople, a material which is employed for costumes, sun-shades, and for furnishing purposes. Before speaking of other parts of the toilette we must mention a sea side costume which is likely to be very popular. The round skirt is of printed foulard in Indian designs, and edged with a deep flounce; over this is a tunic of fine, soft, woolen material in some pale neutral tint, such as almond, fawn, or dove color. The corsage is of foulard with a point in front, and short basque cut away over the hips, and ornamented with very pretty buttons; it is, in fact, in the buttons that the great charm of the dress lies, and the prettier and the more uncommon these are, the better. Some are of gold in Japanese style, others of carved mother-o' pearl representing a cottage, a wood, a mountain, no matter what, provided the carving be good, and the variety sufficiently great; the buttons must be either enormously large or very small indeed.

The lizard has found a successor in the dove, which is also made of diamonds, but ladies who are entitled to bear coats of arms wear the emblems; thus we find no lack of lions, eagles, griffins, and the many curious animals with which heraldry abounds, in precious stones.

Too much care cannot be given to the chaussure, which is to accompany short costumes. For walking, rather high shoes are adopted; these shoes have real or simulated lacings, and the toes are stitched with a colored silk. The last new mode in stockings is that of very narrow close stripes in two different colors on a white ground. Silk stockings are embroidered on the foot or leg, a light color on a dark ground, or a dark color on a light ground. The variety is, however, so great that it is difficult to name all, and the best taste is still to have stockings corresponding with the toilette. Gendarme blue stocking are very fashionable; a few years ago none of the commonest stockings were made in this color, which was very much despised, now no shade is more a la mode.

Some new sun shades and parasols are made with stripes painted by hand, and of Indian foulard; others are of dark silk, edged with thick cord and lined with a lighter shade of silk. The chief expense and beauty is in the handles; to say nothing of those which are decorated with jewels and are of great intrinsic value, there are others whose beauty consists in carving, turning and inlays, with knobs of lapis lazuli, coral, or finely carved ivory; besides these we come upon fanciful handles representing heads of animals crested birds, cats with emerald eyes, and pug dogs of rather exaggerated size.

The flowers most in vogue, because they harmonize with costumes of madras, are those in yellow, caroubier, and crimson. Large peonies, full blown carnations, pansies, etc., form large bouquets to ornament the sides of chapeaux. Some new models of chapeaux are the following: One of Leghorn straw has a handkerchief of Indian muslin bordered with plaitings of Breton lace thrown over it; the handkerchief forms short strings ending in a bow of pale pink faille; the bouquet is of ruby rose buds and sainfoin. A chapeau of manilla straw has the brim ornamented with two rows of tussore lace pleated; the strings are of ecru satin ribbon and the bouquet of roses, forget-me not, and velvet wheat-ears; the under part of the brim in front is lined with gathered ecru satin. A very elegant chapeau of fine straw has for its only trimming a bunch of Dutch tulips, and shaded ribbon in all the colors of the tulips. Another pretty model is of Dunstable straw with a scarf of coral surah encircling the crown and a bunch of poppies. A chapeau of fancy straw is ornamented with lilac and sprays of clematis. Large full blown roses are employed as ornaments on chapeaux and ball dresses, and magnolias, peonies, chrysanthemums, and other large flowers are much in vogue.

Fans are made to match the toilette; Watteau and Pompadour fans are decorated with numberless sprays of small flowers on a cream-colored ground, or on ruby, sky-blue, etc. A Louis XV. fan has an application of the finest point lace encircling a painted Watteau subject, the mount being of carved and gilded mother-o'-pearl. A fan of marbled tortoise-shell has the blades of alternate white feathers, and feathers from the peacock's neck. The Camargo fan with small flowers on a ground matching the toilette is generally provided with a mount of oriental mother-o'-pearl. For the country and traveling there are simpler but very pretty mounts of carved or painted box-wood, or any other native and foreign woods.

We have had occasion to mention point d'esprit tulle frequently lately; there is quite a rage for this tulle at present; cravats are made of it with three rows of plaitings at the ends.

Fireside Chat.

THE ART OF CAKE MAKING.

NOT only are cakes made at home, either for the family or invalids, more wholesome, but they are considerably cheaper than any which can be bought. In almost every instance cakes supplied by the confectioner are, for the sake of saving eggs and making the materials go further, mixed with some kind of chemical agent. For once in a way these things may be taken with impunity, but when eaten habitually they cannot but have a pernicious influence on health, and that of children especially. It is therefore very necessary, both on the score of health and of economy, that rapid, easy, and good materials for cake making should be known in every family.

In the first place, a few simple utensils are requisite, and without these it is useless to expect successful results. It has frequently happened to the present writer to hear, that experiments which have been successfully made in public from approved receipts have failed when repeated at home. On going into the matter it has been found that devices, in themselves almost comical, have been resorted to avoid, as it would seem, doing the thing properly. Again, many people are careless in the choice of materials; they think any kind of flour will make light cakes; this is a mistake, the finest flour, both dry and sifted, is absolutely necessary. Eggs should not be new laid, but must be sweet. Sugar, when required in powder, cannot be too fine. Ground ginger, carraway, and other spices in powder, should be used fresh; the former, though a little more expensive than when bought of the grocer, is generally to be had best from the chemists. Baking powder should not be used for cakes, such as sponge, in which eggs form so large a proportion of the ingredients, and when it is requisite it should always be made at home.

In order to insure success in making cakes from any of the following recipes, care must be taken to observe the exact proportions given, and closely to follow the method indicated. The heat of the oven is a matter of the greatest importance. Light cakes require an oven at the temperature known to cooks as "dark yellow paper heat" and "light yellow paper heat." Inexperienced persons can ascertain the temperature of the oven by putting in a piece of white paper on the baking sheet; if it speedily becomes brown, it would be too hot for cakes of the sponge kind, but if of dark or light yellow, it would be right for them. It is, however, preferable to have the oven a little too hot than too slow, as in the latter case cakes become too sodden. The utensils required for making sponge cakes, etc., are a wire spoon or egg whisk, a sugar dredger, a tin strainer for sifting flour, etc.; a saucepan 10 inches in diameter; a bowl, to hold three quarts and stand in the saucepan; a quart saucepan, scales and weights, lemon and spice grater, cake tins or moulds. Before beginning to make cakes, have your tins prepared, every ingredient ready to hand, and the oven in a state approaching the required heat. Cake tins must never be greased with dripping or lard, even when the cakes are made of those fats, because they always when so used impart a disagreeable flavor. Butter, after having been freed from water, answers well; but the best thing for this purpose is a mixture of clarified veal fat and butter. To prepare this, chop the veal suet, and let it melt slowly in a stewpan over the fire; then put to it an equal quantity pour the fat through a fine hair sieve and set it aside for use. Care must be taken to have cake tins and moulds thoroughly dry, for if there is the least moisture they cannot be properly greased. Warm the moulds, pour into them some of the dissolved fat, pass it gently round and round the moulds, taking care they are thinly and evenly coated. Pour away any surplus fat; and while the mould is still warm, shake all over it from the dredger as much sugar of the kind called "icing" so fine that it looks like potato flour, then gently turn out any which does not adhere to the tin, which will then be ready for use. Some cakes only require the tin to be greased, but this will be specified in the recipe.

Currants for cakes, after they have been washed and picked, should be scalded, in order to swell them and make them eat better. Put the currants into a bowl, pour boiling water over them, cover the bowl with a plate; after standing a minute, drain away the water, and throw the fruit on to a cloth to absorb the moisture; then put the currants on a dish or plate, in a very cool oven, turning them occasionally until thoroughly dry; dust a little flour over them, and they will be ready for use.

All materials for cakes—flour, currants, etc.,—should be slightly warmed before use, in order not to chill the batter.

It should be observed that the average weight of an egg is two ounces; when they are smaller than this the whole or half of an additional egg should be so as to make up the required weight on given quantities.

There are several methods by which sponge, Madeira, pound cakes, and cakes of a similar character can be made, but we have space for only this week:

POUND CAKE—Ingredients.—Six eggs; ¾ pound lump sugar; two tablespoonfuls of brandy; ½ pound butter; ½ pound of currants; two ounces candied peel, minced fine; the grated peel of a lemon; a large pinch of ground cinnamon. Proceed as for Madeira cakes, adding the brandy to the batter when it has been beaten for ten minutes. The currants and candied peel to be stirred in quickly after the flour and butter, and the cake to be baked immediately. A teaspoonful of carraways may be substituted when preferred to currants. Rub them in a cloth, and shake in a fine strainer, as often there is dust and sand mixed with these seeds.

SPONGE CAKE—Ingredients.—Six eggs; a gill of water; ¾ pounds lump sugar; ½ pound of fine sifted dry flour; grated rind of a lemon. Proceed exactly as for Madeira cakes, baking for half an hour.

ROSA BONHEUR is now a little stout lady of masculine appearance; her hair is gray in places and parted on the side; she has bright black eyes, strongly-marked features, and a wonderfully resolute mouth; she wears a plain black silk skirt, with a vest and jacket of black velvet, and white linen collar and cuffs.

Answers to Inquirers.

C. H. L., (Sant, Colo.)—There is no general institution of the kind, only special ones.

NELLY, (Hibbsville, Iowa.)—He can have no conceivable reason in the matter whatever.

W. F. K., (Eggbornsville, Va.)—The acrostic, while it shows spirit and industry, is altogether unsuitable for our use.

LILLIE, (York, S. C.)—Such work as you mention is at present a mere drug in the market, and next to impossible to dispose of.

W. H. L., (Camden, N. J.)—For the removal of warts, touch the wart occasionally with lunar caustic, nitric acid, or aromatic vinegar.

M. J., (Marion, Ill.)—The young lady's conduct is indiscreet. Ask for an explanation. No one can predict how tall another person may become.

X. O. DOE, (Markland, Ind.)—We know nothing of the firm you mention, but judge from their address you had better not have anything to do with them.

C. H. H., Sacred Heart.—The refining or purifying is accomplished by boiling with lime water and filtering through animal charcoal or coarse quilled cotton.

ANAK, (Ritchie, W. V.)—Sappho was a writer of Greek lyric verses, born at Mitylene, on the Island of Lesbos, in Greece, about twenty-five hundred years ago.

J. M., (Hetzlerville, O.)—"Ohio" is from the Indian, meaning "beautiful." It was previously applied to the river which traverses a great part of its borders.

STIPENDIARIUS, (Norwood, Va.)—The number of vessels in the United States navy is one hundred and eighty-five. This refers more particularly to vessels strictly adapted to war purposes.

J. B. L., (Lincoln, N. O.)—If the rest of the inscription of the coin cannot be read, it is without special value. The piece is probably a French franc of the year mentioned, and, if so, has no worth except as old metal.

M. A., (Wayne, Pa.)—If you will take our advice you will seek some other mode of gaining than by the stage. We do not think any manager will accept you, unless for juvenile parts, on account of your short stature.

R. A. P., (Butler, Ala.)—Reuter, we believe, is the name of a manager who is at the head of several of the foreign telegraph and cable companies. 2. Dr. O. Phelps Brown died some year or two since. 3. The paper is no longer in existence.

J. L. H., (Union City, Mich.)—We would not care to stand sponsor for the reputation of the parties. It may be they are entirely trustworthy, but it is only a possibility, not a certainty. We think you had better break off negotiations with them.

CARPER, (Clay, Ky.)—For dissolving glue without heat, to any quantity of glue use common whisky instead of water. Put both together in a bottle which cork tight and set aside for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat.

CONSTANCE, (Townsend Centre, Mass.)—First paste the chromos on stout muslin, taking care that no air remains beneath. After drying, mount them on frames and then well wash the face of the pictures with good clear varnish, which you may procure from any druggist.

VIOLET, (Prentiss, Miss.)—We think you are a very foolish young lady, and allowed your affection to outrun your discretion. The young man evidently cares nothing for you, and is only amusing himself by making promises that he has not the slightest intention of keeping.

Y. L. J., (Sharp, Ark.)—1. Holborn is pronounced as if spelt Ho-born. 2. It is advisable to cut the ends of the hair frequently to prevent them from splitting. Half an inch will be sufficient to cut off at once. 3. If you desire to become proficient, you must practice at least two hours daily.

PINAFORE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Toffee is a kind of candy, and the following is the recipe for its make: 1 lb soft sugar, ½ lb butter, four table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Boil till it thickens. To know when it is sufficiently boiled, drop a little in a cup of cold water, when it will immediately harden.

HERMAN, (Fayette, Tenn.)—The President has only a right to grant a pardon for offences committed against the Federal laws, or in the Territories, District of Columbia, or on United States property. He has no right to grant pardon for offences committed in a State. That power is reserved to the different State Governors.

GUSTAVUS, (Wadesboro, N. C.)—You can certainly get lime juice at any even tolerably-furnished drug store in your neighborhood. The mailing alone of what you want would cost more than you have sent; and even if you cannot get the juice where you are, there should be no difficulty in having an order filled in Charleston, Richmond or Raleigh.

READER, (Orange, N. J.)—The saying, "Dead as a door-nail," is older than Falstaff and Ancient Pistol, and as old as the heavy nail set in the door for the knocker to strike upon. 2. There can be little doubt that the phrase "cock-and-bull" stories simply refers to the old fables in which cocks, bulls and other animals are represented as endowed with speech.

A. D., (Vernon, Wis.)—When you make a quotation from a writer, it is by far the best plan to give the name of the author of the sentence. On such a subject as you write hardly one editor out of a hundred would recognize the sentence as a quotation, more particularly as there is a grammatical error in it. "Her home" should be most certainly "his home."

ALEX T., (Atlantic, N. J.)—Scraped horseradish and warm milk are said to be effective in removing sunburn. If the skin is sensitive and readily tanned by exposure the following remedy may be made use of: Take two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar candy, and a pound of ox gall. Mix and stir for about ten minutes three or four times a day for a fortnight till clear and transparent. Strain through blotting-paper and bottle for use.

MECHANIC, (Baltimore, Md.)—Put the engraving on a smooth board, cover it thinly with common salt finely powdered; squeeze lemon juice upon the salt so as to dissolve a considerable portion of it; elevate one end of the board so that it may form an angle of about 45 or 50 degrees with the horizon. Pour on the engraving boiling water from a tea-kettle until the salt and lemon-juice be all washed off; the engraving will then be perfectly clean and free from stains. It must be dried on the board, or on some smooth surface, gradually.

J. F., (Richmond, D. C.)—The taking of interest on money was rendered unlawful in 1197 in England, the time of Richard I. Magna Charta specially disallowed the payment of interest by minors, so that it must have been again permitted generally. In the reign of Henry VI. (1436) it was prohibited. An Act of Henry VIII. (1545) fixed the rate of interest at ten per cent. The practice was disallowed once more in the time of Edward VI. (1552). Interest was revived at ten per cent. in the reign of Elizabeth (1570), and fixed at five per cent. in the time of Queen Anne (1713.) Since the history of America, interest laws have been much the same.

BLANCHE, (Oakdale, O.)—It would be much better for you to get an organ immediately and a good teacher, unless you desire to teach yourself, in which case some good instruction book will be necessary. It is really a loss of time to study the elements of music without an instrument, as by its aid the lessons are made much more pleasant and clear to the mind. The ear likewise becomes early trained, and a good ear may be called the foundation of taste, as well as rapid progress in music. If you study hard you should be able to play simple tunes correct in three or four months. Of course it will require years of practice to become a thorough player. Performers on the organ, if they do not confine their attention exclusively to sacred music, will find no difficulty in playing upon the piano.

RICHLAND, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Formerly, the Greek and Roman Catholic churches were both one. There were four parochial chairs—Rome, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople—each being independent of the other; but on the elevation of Gregory VI. to the chair of Rome, a rivalry ensued between him and the patriarch of Constantinople for the leadership of the whole Christian world, and a separation then took place. The Greek Church differs from the Roman Catholic in several respects. It rejects the dogma of purgatory, yet it allows prayers for the dead; it forbids graven images, yet it permits pictures; and it ignores dispensations and indulgences. The people are expected to confess once a year, at Easter. It has the Lord's Prayer, commandments, and belief. Their catechism, and the formula of the duties of parish priests are admirable, and worthy of any creed. Every priest must marry; but should he become a widower, he cannot again take a wife.